



POEMS AND HYMNS

T. H. BALL

1889

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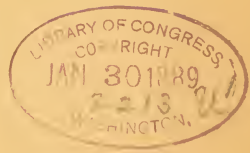
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Poems and Hymns,

BY
Matty Eaton ✓
T. H. BALL.



CROWN POINT, IND.
PRINTED AT THE "REGISTER" OFFICE.
1888.
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179,057
B6779
1888

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By T. H. BALL,

“Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith—that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.”

Introductory Note.



These hymns and poems are collected into this volume for my personal acquaintances and friends, and not for the literary world. Many of them are memorial in their nature and will have an interest, therefore, for some readers aside from any special poetic merit. That they are of unequal merit I am well aware; and I have been for many years sufficiently acquainted with a limited range of poetic literature to know quite well their merits and demerits. Such as they are, and written quite hastily as of necessity nearly all of them have been, I am sure that my friends will receive them cordially into their homes and libraries, collected as they now are from different periodicals and manuscripts and presented in a single volume. They are arranged, it will be seen, in chronological order.

T. H. B.

“The noise as of a running brook
In the leafy month of June,
Which to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

The noise of running water is music to my ear;
I love to see the running brooks all seasons of the year;
But when stern, stormy winter yields to spring its reign,
And all the ice and snow dissolve to water clear,
Then do I love to see it rush sparkling to the main.

And very swiftly too, do the waters glide away;
The limpid stream that now is seen stays not a single day,
But onward to the ocean so surely doth it glide,
That many, very many, a weary league away;
The waters of the inland brook do mingle with the tide.

Thus, like the waters of the brook, passes the life of man;
Swiftly, as its clear waters unto the ocean ran,
And passed without a single pause the longest life will be,
And speedily, though lengthened to the longest span,
Will disappear within the ocean of eternity.

In Memory of ANN BELSHAW. 1846.

"Died—On Sunday, 21st June, 1846, at the residence of her father, in Lake county, Ind., ANN, the youngest daughter of George and Elizabeth Belshaw, aged eighteen years."

"Thus was removed from among us one whose more than ordinary natural grace, amiable qualities, and Christian virtues, made her indeed the joy of her connections and the delight of many hearts."

We say that she is dead, but what is death?

Is it to cease to be forevermore?

When the low, sad, parting words are given,

Beside the bed of death is that indeed

The last farewell? And when that mournful look

From tearful eyes, so fixed and so prolonged,

Falls on the cold, inanimate clay

That lately was with life so radiant,

Is it all hopeless, ever more to view

That form, which the damp earth will soon receive?

Oh no—love, praise and glory give, to HIM,

The High and Holy One, that we are not

Thus comfortless.

A revelation has to us been made

From which we learn the soul will ever be:

Will live and act to all eternity.

That death is but its separation from

The mortal frame, the frame that turns to dust;

And still again we learn, that tho' in dust,

This will be brought to life to die no more.

A pleasant and a lovely one
 Has passed from earth away;
 On her the spoiler set his seal,
 She might not, could not stay;
 Away to realms of glory bright,
 The gentle spirit took its flight.
 Like a fair, fresh, opening rose bud,
 Plucked from its parent stem,
 Was from its earthly house removed,
 This precious, priceless gem:
 Called by a Father kind, away,
 To shine in realms of endless day.
 Sweet was the music, when she here
 Sang Zion's sacred songs;
 But now ecstatic it must be,
 Mid the angelic throngs,
 As she beholds her Saviour's face,
 And sings of all his matchless grace.
 She is a spirit, then is free
 From earthly pain and woe;
 Yet all her pleasures and rich joys
 We do not, cannot know;
 We learn that all is peace and love
 In that bright, happy world above.
 Gentle sister, we shall never
 In life behold thee more;
 For thy short pilgrimage is done,

Thou hast reached Canaan's shore,
 Yet dost thou not with angels come
 To view thy friends within thy home?

Thy home! ah, that is heaven now,

Though where, we do not know;
 Nor whether thou art ever near

Thy loved ones here below;
 We do but know that angels bright
 Minister to heirs of light.

Stern death for thee had lost its sting,

For thou couldst smiling say,
 "Jesus is precious to me now,"—

Thou didst not long to stay;
 And 'tis a joy for us to know
 Thou wast prepared and glad to go.

Thy mortal frame doth rest in hope,

We know " 'twill rise again,"
 And trust it never more will know

Sickness, or want, or pain;
 Then rest, O dust, low in the ground,
 Until the trump of God shall sound.

Thy living soul, we do not doubt,

Has entered into rest,
 And that with all the blood-washed throng,

'Twill be forever blest:
 And we too hope when life shall end,
 In heaven eternity to spend.

'Tis said, in distant eastern lands,
 Where full upon the burning sands,
 The hot sun pours his ray,
 In ambush near a cooling spring,
 The Lion, called of beasts the king,
 Lies down to lurk for prey:
 The mild gazelle that ventures there,
 Falls thus into a deadly snare.

On earth, at springs where mortals drink,
 Unseen beside the shady brink,
 There lurks a deadly foe;
 Let those who at these springs of earth,
 Would drink sweet draughts of joy and mirth,
 Take heed they fall not low.
Quench not thy thirst; beware!! beware!
A Lion lurks in ambush there.

In sunny climes, where bloom wild flowers,
 When through the sultry noontide hours,
 The serpents bask in heat;
 About the stalk of floweret fair,
 That with its fragrance fills the air,
 You may the serpent meet.
 The hand that culls that blossom gay,
 Will dearly for its beauty pay.

Some flowers of human mould there seem,
Around us oft to bloom and beam,

Lovely, and pure, and bright;
But look with keen, discerning eye,
And you may see a serpent sly,

Hid near the cheering light.

Pluck not the flower; beware! beware!!

A serpent's coiled in secret there.

“All is not gold that glitters” bright;

All is not lovely, pure, and right,

That is with radiance fraught;

Error may lurk where *truth* appears,

Close robed to quell all rising fears,

Until its work is wrought.

A subtle poison oft may be,

Where most but truth and beauty see.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

1850.

I dreamed; for we may dream in waking hours;
I dreamed 't was almost midnight, on the last
Of this December's nights. That warning note
Which the clock gives five minutes from the hour,
Was given; and I mused, in silent thought,
How soon the old year would be gone. A step,
Solemn and stately, struck on fancy's ear;
And a strange form drew near. It paused. It spoke.

These are its fancied words:

“Behold me here,
 Bowed down with age, my journey almost o’er,
 Three hundred, five and sixty times the sun
 Over the earth its ’customed path has gone,
 Since I began my course. Much have I seen.
 When I was young, I clothed the earth in flowers
 Of loveliest hue, of sweetest fragrance.
 The cheerful notes of joyous birds were heard
 From leafy boughs, at early, dewy morn.
 Then did I cause more rich luxuriance still,
 As all my vigor woke. Rich, golden grain
 Waved in the harvest fields; and earth’s green robes
 Bowed to the mower’s scythe. I onward went;
 And strewed along my pathway luscious fruits
 To gratify the appetite of man.
 Then I grew old; and the green leaves assumed
 Rich auburn tints and yellow hues; faded,
 Withered, fell; and the snows of age came down
 Upon the brown earth, and the naked boughs.
 I have heard the merry notes of children,
 As they wandered ’mid my flowers and streamlets,
 Plucking with eager hands the fruits I gave.
 And I have witnessed silent, gushing tears;
 Tears for disappointed hopes, wounded pride,
 Broken friendships, loved ones gone, follies wrought.
 I have heard the tale of a first deep love
 Whispered in the fair maiden’s listening ear;

And her young light heart has been wooed and won.
 I have seen the bride to the altar led;
 The beautiful infant, yet unsullied
 By this cold, bustling world, laid low in dust.
 Ah! the young and the old hundreds, thousands,
 Who greeted my youth with joy and gladness,
 Now *are not*. I have seen, too, the black crimes
 Of the dark-hearted sons of men, on which
 The light of day, and human eyes, looked not.
 I have seen the acts of kindness, secret,
 Untold deeds of love, of self-denial,
 Sacrifice, recorded but in heaven.

* * * * *

All these; and all that I have seen performed,
 The good, the bad; all that has been suffered
 And enjoyed; I carry with me. Faithful
 Are the records made. Whither I depart
 I bear them. They must be met hereafter."
 The midnight bell pealed on the ear. The voice
 Had ceased: the form had vanished. Then I knew
 The old year had forever gone, and half
 Of this, the nineteenth, century had passed.
 Its records sealed; its joys, its hopes, its fears.
 All ended. Hour for deep and solemn thought.
 This hour approaches. Who will fancy then,
 They hear the voice of the departing year?

anville, Dec. 28, 1850.

How many lovely, quiet homes within thy borders,
Oh Indiana.

There comes a voice to Fancy's ear,
From the home of my happy youth;
I think of tried and loved ones dear,
Whose spirits glow with joy and truth,
And deem this wish is spoken,
Of love another token,
"Brother, come home, come home."

There is one, with a manly form,
An active mind, a skillful hand;
A heart of kindness, noble, warm,
The second in a brothers' band.
I listen. "Why so long away?
Oh brother, what enticing charm,
Still causes you from home to stay?
Come, view again our rich broad farm;
Come, plunge within our lovely lake,
Its waters yet are pure and clear;
Come, aid us the sweet hay to make.
We'll shoot the grouse, we'll hunt the deer.
All still is bright and beaming,
Our home in beauty gleaming;
Brother, come home, come home."

Another, with high, radiant brow,
 Quick, sparkling mind, and kindling eyes,
 Appears, in thought, before me now.

“Say brother, will that morning rise,
 When we shall mount our gallant steeds,
 Go forth and take a healthful ride,
 Behold our fertile, flowery meads,
 The beauties of our prairies wide?
 The haunts which you have loved remain,
 The calm retreats, the shady grove;
 (Changes are few round our domain;)
 And through them we again will rove.
 The wild fowls yet fly o’er us;
 They swim the lake before us;

Brother, come home, come home.”

A third there is, with thoughtful mien,
 With lively feelings, tender heart;
 A robust youth, whose glance is keen,
 Formed to admire rich works of art.
 “Come, brother, to our home again;
 Lay by awhile a teacher’s care,
 Forsake the bustling scenes of men,
 And breathe our pure refreshing air.
 A ‘study’ nice we’ll fix for you,
 Choice books are still upon the shelf,
 At morn we’ll rise, fresh as the dew,
 And ‘in the mines of knowledge’ delve;
 Imagination glowing;
 On us her light bestowing;

Brother, come home, come home.”

A gentle girl, so bright, so fair,
 So beautiful to me, so kind,
 To speak of her I may not dare,
 Lest there should seem a trifling mind.

A gentle girl, what will she say?

“Brother, I should be very glad,
 Now, in this flowery month of May,
 To greet you here. Say are you sad?
 We have plucked the flowers of beauty,
 And we have woven garlands bright;
 Brother, is it not our duty,
 To love the lovely? Is it right?
 Our prairie now is charming,
 Delightful work is farming;
 Brother, come home, come home.”

Another, and the youngest too;

Of her alike I may not speak.

Oh gentle sister, what would you?

“Come brother, now our quiet seek;
 Visit your home and friends again;
 For you I’ll cull the flowrets sweet,
 The fairest in the woody glen;
 So glad, if we could only meet.
 The snow-white water lilies grow,
 As they have grown in days of yore;
 Their beauty, fragrance, well you know,
 For you have gathered them before.
 Our flocks and herds are lowing,
 There’s milk and honey flowing;
 Brother, come home, come home.”

Brothers, sisters, I hope to come,
 Your flowers, and fruits, and pleasures share;
 Yours, I know, is a happy home,
 Scarcely touched by sorrow and care.
 But I hear the voice of duty,
 Forbidding me a quick return,
 And I hope no joy, no beauty,
 Will lead me e'er that voice to spurn.
 These flowers, now blooming, soon will fade,
 The woods and meads be decked with others,
 Then, if not in earth's bosom laid,
 I hope to meet you, sisters, brothers.
 But oh! that home in Heaven!
 There may we meet, all seven:
 Brothers, sisters, seek Home.

Franklin Springs, Ala., May, 1851.

My Mocking Bird.

1851.

I caught a royal prize,
 A bird with brilliant eyes,
 With plumage fair and bright;
 Child of the "Sunny South,"
 Bird of the mocking mouth,
 I held it with delight.

Into the house I bore,
 To view my foundling o'er,
 And nurse this mocker true;
 Alas! it left my hands,
 Forsook those friendly bands,
 Into the fire it flew.

Vain then was human aid!
 Though efforts kind were made,
 Its little life to save;
 But soon the glowing embers
 Crisped all its tender members,
 'Twas rescued for the grave!

Alas! poor little bird!
 No one thy wailing heard,
 Cruel, but quick thy death;
 Hushed soon thy melody,
 Soon was thy spirit free,
 Quick fled thy little breath.

And now, my bright, lost treasure,
 Could I in sweeter measure,
 Like thee, a carol sing;
 Soft, plaintive, sad and free,
 It should thy requiem be,
 Bird of the spotted wing!

Grove Hill, December, 1851.

 A MORNING SONG. S. M.

Our Father, look thou down,
 In mercy from above;
 And grant thy Holy Spirit's power,
 To fill our hearts with love.

We thank thee for the light,
 For life, and strength, and health;
 We own thy sovereign power bestows,
 Rank, honor, beauty, wealth.

We ask thee not for these;
 But help us through the day,
 Wisdom's rich stores to treasure up,
 And teach us how to pray.

And while our morn of life
 Is free from sorrow's sigh,
 Prepare our hearts by grace divine,
 To dwell with thee on high.

PRAISE TO GOD. 7s.

We, thy creatures here on earth,
 Prone to folly from our birth,
 We would offer praise to thee,
 Lord of Heaven, Earth, and Sea.

Glorious and great art thou;
 'Neath thy power the mightiest bow;
 Cherubim and Seraphim,
 In thy dazzling light are dim.

What are we! earth's children weak!
 Let us now thy blessing seek;
 Shield us oh thou King of kings,
 Bear thou us on eagle's wings.

MORNING DEVOTION. C. M.

Help us to praise and honor thee,
 Holy and blessed One;
 Teach us the path of purity,
 Teach us to love thy Son.

May we not bow to idols vain;
 Let not our spirits cling,
 With earth's affections' uncurbed rein,
 To a forbidden thing.

Into temptation lead us not;
 Our God and Father be;
 Wash from our souls each sinful blot,
 Fit us to dwell with thee!

A MORNING HYMN. 11s.

Almighty, all holy, and merciful One,
A Shield to the righteous, a Guardian, and Sun,
Have mercy upon us and lead us aright;
Protect us and bless us with heavenly light.

Our proud and our stubborn hearts wilt thou subdue,
Forgive us and cleanse us, create us anew,
With truth and with virtue our spirits adorn,
And fit for earth's duties in life's rosy morn.

We thank thee, our Father, that still we are blest,
That sorrow and anguish disturb not our rest;
But life, now so joyous, has dark hours in store,
Then grant us thy blessing we ask for no more.

“Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

Beloved sister, tidings sad I have,
Which my heart longs to send to you and yours.
How can I send it? Between us and you
Lie the red fields of battle. Fearful strife
Is raging now, and precious life-blood flows.
The written messengers of joy and grief
Pass not that line of strife. The lightning spark,
Though trained to do man's bidding, cannot flash
To you, as once it could, the thrilling words,
The message glad or sad. Around your clime
The might of human power, just power and right,
We call it, guards and barriers strong has placed,
Which shut out knowledge. Ah, my sister dear,
Too long, too long the dwellers in your land
Have shut out knowledge. True of them it is,
Once what they could they would not know, and now
What they would know they cannot. Nor can we.
War rages. Who has seen such strife before?
So man would have it, and so God permits.—
Since God permits 'tis well. Wise ends no doubt
He will secure, for over all the strife,
And carnage, and despair, and gloom of this
Wild warfare which man's passions seem to rule,

He holds a firm all powerful grasp, he who
 Is just, yet merciful and good, a Judge,
 A gracious Father, an avenging God.
 God rules, and He is in this strife.—'Tis well.

But now, my sister, grief is pressing down
 Upon my heart. I long to let you know.
 Once we could weep together. Now apart.
 What friend or foe will bear these words to you?
 The youngest of us seven, Henrie dear,
 Has ceased to live on earth. Of life not tired,
 Just fitted, as it seemed to us, her place
 To take amid its toil, and din and care,
 And do her part so nobly we had hoped,
 In life's great battle, she was called away.
 How can I say that Henrietta's dead?
 But she is dead. That mystery is solved.
 She knows the meaning of that solemn word.
 I do not know why such should die so young.
 And we have wept for Henrie. Many tears
 My eyes have shed; and I am glad the power
 Is given to me to weep. I envy not
 The stern of heart from whom no touch of woe,
 Nor thrill of joy, "bids the sweet waters flow."
 And you will weep, your tears like drops of rain
 Will fall, if in this vale of tears you learn
 That sister Henrie too has "gone before."

A brief sad message came to me along
The silent wire. I hastened homewards. Soon
A thousand miles were passed, but ere our home
I reached, the burial train moved slowly forth.
We met; within our pastor's home, beside
Our house of prayer, father, mother, sister,
Brother; within that Sabbath home I met
The dead. Oh sister, you can think what grief,
What sadness came upon me thus to meet.
I looked on that loved face; but those dark eyes,
So like your own, sparkling and flashing once
With so much brilliancy 'mid life's bright scenes,
Looked not upon me. The long lids were closed,—
Gently, but firmly closed. They heeded not
My presence. Slumber deep was there; yet calm
And sweet the dead face seemed. I never looked
On one to me so beautiful. I touched
Her cheek which used to glow with life, and health,
And beauty. But that cheek was cold, so cold,
To the warm, gentle pressure of my hand.
Oh sister, death is very cold!—How cold
Death is I never knew before. My hand
Once more I pressed upon her own; but now
That kind right hand which had performed so much
In deeds of love for others, never tired,
Had surely lost its cunning. No response,
No pressure it returned. It never failed
Before. Upon her "marble brow," though cold,

I pressed my own warm lips. Why should I not,
 Though she was dead? We had not met for years,
 And nature's sympathies are very strong.
 You would, had you been there; and so would three
 I need not name; but they were far away.
 I therefore gave alone that last, fond pledge
 Of earthly love. A kiss more sacred, pure,
 And tender, my lips never gave. The last
 To her, from all upon the earth. My right
 It seemed to be, for she the youngest was,
 And I the first-born. Oh how sweet to think
 In that sad hour, between her soul and mine
 No cloud had ever come. One pure, true love
 Had knit our hearts together, and in thought,
 And word, and feeling, each had done to each
 No wrong. How happy they who thus can feel
 In presence of the dead. Why do not all
 Sisters and brothers live as we have done?
 Oh happy, happy home! sweet type of heaven.

It was our wish that Henrie still might live,
 Enjoy some longer here that pleasant home
 In which God cast her lot, and from her heart,
 So sunny, shed forth longer still, rich joy
 On all around her; enter active life,
 The active life of woman, in some sphere
 Of quiet labors spend the years of toil
 Allotted here to many, and do good,

Much good to others, winning for herself
 Just meeds of praise as she should gain success,
 And thus adorn the Gospel which she loved.
 Such was our wish. But such was not God's will.
 His will is right. We bow to his decree.

She has achieved success, if, as we trust,—
 If, as we cannot doubt, she rests above.
 What can a child of earth gain more? Faithful
 To the end of life she proved,—so faithful
 To her baptismal vows; and Jesus came,
 She felt his presence with her;—came to take
 Her home to rest until the morning dawns.
 A crown of righteousness he then will give.
 She rests and she enjoys. And side by side
 With our loved brother has her dust been laid.
 You stood among us when we laid him there.
 There may those forms of clay repose till day,—
 The near approaching day, I sometimes think,
 Of the bright resurrection morning, breaks
 Along the sky. Rest brother; sister rest.
 We too ere long shall sleep, and may we wake
 With you in glory; wake to join the throng,—
 The countless, blood-bought throng of kings and priests
 That shall with Jesus reign, and dwell with him
 Forever. Oh my sister dear, happy
 Those parents who train children for the skies.

Cedar Lake, Ind., February 1863.

Six years of age, who was killed by the cars at Newton Centre, June 22, 1863.

A little gentle boy, who had been at school all day,
Went from his mother's side one eventide to play:
With his beloved playmates he sported pleasantly,
So full of life, and gladness, and of childish glee.

None thought of danger near him the youngest of that band,
For then they would have held fast to that little hand;
His mother and his sister had not a thought or fear,
That they on earth no more his pleasant voice would hear.

None thought, nor could have thought, that ere that day
was done

That young and gentle soul would be "beyond the sun,"
"Forever and forever with those just souls and true,"
In Paradise above beyond the ether blue.

So from his pleasant home with his brothers forth he went—
A messenger perhaps God had already sent—
He went a little distance and reached the rail-road track;
The cars! Pale, mangled, dead, from thence one bore
him back.

Death in one brief moment came and took him by surprise,
 Those swift cars o'er him passed before his brothers' eyes:
 They stopped; and in a moment his father left the train,
 To have his spirit rent with anguish and with pain.

How terrible it seems in an instant thus to die!
 And what a sight was that to meet a father's eye!
 But God is good and kind, and he deals with us in love;
 He knows best how and when to take us up above.

If we do but safely reach that bright and blissful shore,
 Where sorrow and where sin will never harm us more,
 I'm sure it matters not now God takes the spirit back,
 Whether from beds of pain, or from the rail-road track.

And when that glad morning comes that bids the dead
 arise,

And they are "caught up" to meet Jesus in the skies,
 I'm sure it will not matter 'mid all that thrilling joy,
 How or when death came and took this beloved boy.

Newton Centre, July, 1863.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

NOTE—After the fall of Vicksburg, and the capture of Fortress Monroe, in 1863, the President recommended the observance of a day of Thanksgiving. The following hymn was sung at Crown Point, during the services of that day, September 11, 1863:

God of our fathers, now to thee,
Our grateful homage we would pay;
Thou leadest on the bond, the free;
Help us to praise thy might to-day.

Thou lovest right, thou hatest wrong;
By thee the bondmen's chains are riven;
Beleagured town and fortress strong,
Into our hands by thee are given.

For this we praise thy matchless power,
For this we lift our hearts to thee;
In each exultant, joyous hour,
Do thou our Guide and Fortress be.

We recognize thy powerful hand;
We bow before thy holy might;
Oh be thou gracious to our land,
Oh bring us forth to noon-tide light.

"WILLIE E. CREIGHTON."

NOTE--In the fall of 1863 a postal route was opened that letters from the South might pass through Fortress Monroe, subject to the inspection of Government officials. Such a letter from Mrs. E. H. Woodard, of Grove Hill, reached Cedar Lake. It was carefully worded, announced the death in Mississippi a few weeks before of Willie Creighton, and added: "He left home in April last, just eighteen, a tall, handsome youth, to join his brother Hiram who has been absent two years; he soon contracted disease and died."

So death has come again, oh restless death !
 And snatched away from earth another life.
 Among the thousands yielding up their breath,
 During this time of anguish and of strife,
 Our youngest brother Willie too has gone to sleep.
 What can his mother do but o'er his loss to weep?

The news comes through the Fortress. Words are few;
 A line or two to pierce our hearts with grief;
 A speck of cloud within a sky all blue;
 A word that claims our instant, full belief.
 We fill the picture up, we hear his parting sigh;
 Away from his loved home we see our Willie die.

Not one of seven sisters could be near,
To press a tender kiss on his fair cheek;
Beside his dying couch to shed a tear;
Or cheering, hopeful words of love to speak:
But 'tis some joy to think, a brother kind and good,
Beside him, in those last, sad, trying moments stood.

Thus he has passed away, that fresh bright boy,
Whom busy thought brings up before the mind,
He who was always full of life and joy,
Sportive yet gentle, cheerful, true, and kind;
We mourn his early loss, our tears unbidden flow;
We taste again that cup which holds so much of woe.

Our life is what we make it.
Then if we could only know,
How to take the ebb and flow
Of the mighty currents round,
Bearing swiftly, without sound,
To the dark unfathomed deep,
It might be grand and glorious.
Death is not an endless sleep.

Listen to the words, "What cheer?"
Cheer to thee amid the gloom!
Chee to thee amid the strife!
Through the many struggles here,
That may lead to endless life!
Through the dark, and through the bright,
Those still steadfast to the right,
Whisper to each other cheer.

Ah! 'tis not alone to breathe,
Not to eat and drink alone,
That make up life, something more—
Things that live beyond time's shore.
Life is more, yes, more than meat,
More than raiment too, is life.
Sit at the Great Teacher's feet,
Learn the worth of toil and strife.

Yes, life is what we make it;
Our life is as we take it,
Marked with brightness, love, and joy,
Worthless with some base alloy.
And alas! how very mean,
How sad, how vainly wasted,
Its sweets almost untasted,
Is the life of many a queen.

From the highest to the low,
From the throne to peasant's cot,
Few solve aright life's mystery,
Few that share a blessed lot.
For life is what we make it,
And we do not make it bright;
Our life is as we take it,
And we do not take it right.

It may lead us up on high,
Through the blue and lovely sky,
To the gift of a white stone,
To a super-human throne,
To a new name written bright,
And to mansions fair as light;
To the gates of endless day,
Where no loved ones pass away.

I have read the ancient stories,
 Fables, legends, fiction, truth;
 Read of many wondrous glories,
 Told of nations in their youth.

 Read of Eastern pomp and splendor,
 Read of warriors true and bold:
 Of a noted witch of Endor,
 And a temple bright with gold.

 Read of peace and read of slaughter,
 Written in the Book of books;
 Moses found by Pharaoh's daughter,
 Strong in faith and fair in looks.

 Of the Shepherd boy so fearless,
 Smiting with a sling and stone,
 'Mong the warrior poets peerless,
 King at length on Judah's throne.

 Read of gifted prophets many,
 Those so grand, and true, and wise,
 Unexcelled on earth by any,
 Seeing distant glories rise.

 Prophets, poets, seers, and sages,
 Shepherds, soldiers, priests, and kings;
 Earth still holds these deathless pages,
 Earth still with their record rings.

I have read the myths and fables,
 That arose in ancient time,
 Like that tale of Augean stables,
 Fictions most of love and crime.

Persian, Hindoo, Scald or Norseman,
 All these have their legends old;
 Romans tell of two twin horsemen,
 Pollux, Castor, swift and bold.

Romans tell of many a hero,
 Who has borne him well in fight;
 Long before the bloody Nero,
 Rome had fabled gods of might.

Greek and Arab lack not fable,
 And they give us stories rare,
 Arthur's Knights and his Round Table,
 Scarcely with them can compare.

Myths and legends all might perish,
 They are powerless on the heart;
 Sacred truth the world should cherish,
 Never with it can it part.

Still in future myths may linger,
 Will be read by students o'er,
 But there points an index finger,
 Ever to the sacred lore;

Saying to earth's children ever,
 "Listen to these words divine,
 Lay aside the prophets never,
 Future glories soon will shine."

Buried in the depths of ages,
 Lies the greatness myths declare;
 Promised on the sacred pages,
 Future greatness looms forth fair.

Let earth's children read and ponder,
 Let them earnest workers be,
 For the day dawns, see it yonder!
 Soon earth's millions will be free.

Soon will come the Latter Glory;
 Ours a glory yet to be,
 When each fabled mythic story
 Sinks beneath oblivion's sea.

The golden thread of living truth,
 In the bright years of happy youth,
 Should into life be woven strong
 While flows the warp, that life, along.

FOR M. J. B.

Written and read at the marriage of Dr. Andrew S. Cutler
and Miss Mary Jane Ball at Cedar Lake, December 16, 1869.

On a lovely prairie in the State of Ind,
In a pleasant home well sheltered from the wind,
Two little flowers appeared not many years ago,
Growing in the sunshine and dreading not the snow.

Like the lily opening, like the rose, they grew,
Showing forth alike the sweet, the pure, the true;
Like twins indeed they seemed on one rich rose stalk set,
Fed by the self-same showers, by the same dew-drops wet.

Fast they grew and lovely thus growing side by side;
But lovely things and pleasant may not long abide;
The one was taken up within the gates of light,
The other blooms in beauty here with us to-night.

Said I two little flowers? Oh no, two gentle birds,
Came to that prairie home, I change two little words;
One came in glowing autumn, mid October's sun;
The other in December, this the youngest one.

I know not whence they came, but I am very sure
They seemed to us like doves and like the robins pure.
Were they birds of passage? or were they birds of song?
One flew to Paradise; may this one tarry long.

Did I say flowers and birds? They were my sisters dear,
 Who for some twenty years were seldom severed here;
 Alike they grew in knowledge and alike in love,
 Were they gentle visitants sent us from above?

They were the household pets, the youngest of our band;
 (There are not "seven" to-night together here to stand;)
 It has been said, the youngest never do grow old;
 'Tis sure that loving natures never need grow cold.

Joy for that flown and freed one. Perfect joy and love
 Are where we trust she dwells among the good above.
 And joy to this young bride, unmingled by earth's fear;
 Though perfect joy and bliss are not the dwellers here.

Yet to sister Mary and brother Andrew joy!
 May life for them be bright with little to annoy.
 No tears are shed to-night around our household tree;
 For hope, and peace, and love, go with the truly free.

The road to Fame is sometimes rough and steep;
 No palace rail-road car can reach her temple's gate;
 And often we must be content to creep,
 To gain those dizzy heights on paths unknown to fate.

To-morrow that loved spot we last called home
Into the hands of strangers passes; I
Cannot but feel sad, although we freely
Gave it up, freely signed the title deeds.
For many years have clustered round that spot
The strong home feelings. A true home is dear
On earth, well called our brightest type of heaven.
Farewell to thee, thou home. No more within
Thy rooms, the scenes of pleasant intercourse
So long; vocal so oft with prayer and praise;
Desecrated never yet by midnight
Noisy revels;—no more shall we repose,
Or rest, or enter, but as stranger guests.
Thy present owners will not know thy full
And blessed memories. Farewell to all
Those rooms, and quiet nooks, and last of all
To those thrice hallowed by the peaceful death
Of dear ones; we cannot forget that there
Sweet Henrie, and gentle brother Charlie,
And an aged father, loved and honored,
Looked their last upon us; and hallowed too
By sister Mary's joyous bridal hour,
In the bright hues of which so late we met.
Hallowed by grief so great and joy so pure,
How can we thee forget, home of the past!

Farewell to thee, bright grove. How many times
Long years ago into thy shade I came,
Laying the sharp scythe by to rest from toil,
And drink from that cool spring, now and for years
Vanished beneath the surface. And how fair
Those youthful fancies and romantic thoughts,
Viewing thy possibilities for rare
Wild beauty, planning then to make thee mine,
Thinking how loved and gentle ones would come
And sportive children play amid thy shades,
And laugh along thy flowing waters there.
And they did come; jungle and dell they came,
Almost beyond my fairest youthful thoughts
They came, and wandered in that very spot,
And in their youth and joy and freshness they
Rejoiced amid thy beauty, where, from toil
Reposing, I in boyhood built air castles.
Strange that so many of my early dreams,
My day dreams, ever fair, have been so well
Accomplished! But these and I, as owners
Of the soil, as having any heirship
Left in thee, amid thy summer foliage,
Or through thy hazel mazes, or in dell
So bright and sunny, or in jungle
Dense and dark, where earliest spring flowers grew,
Will roam, and play, and dream no more, And so
Farewell. Farewell to all. 'Tis winter now;
But I have known thine early, glad, spring freshness;

I know thy summer beauty; and I know
 Thy autumn richness; I know thee in all
 Seasons well. Thou art the last of those rich
 Acres broad, last of the three plantations
 Lying near to thy clear waters, glorious
 Lake of the Red Cedars, from out our hands
 To pass. The three have gone to strangers now
 And thus all my ancestral homes of old
 Have all, save one, passed, one by one, to hands
 Of others. Our halls are held by strangers.
 There was no English law to hold and keep
 Them for the first-born, and they passed; passed not
 Because they must, but as each generation
 Chose. We are Americans, and so we
 Love to change and roam, and open pathways
 For the feet of others; and all preferred,
 Though pleasant, fair, and lovely all these homes
 Have been, each has preferred, all to go forth
 And find new seats, and found new homes for them
 And for their children. This is our custom,
 If not Anglo-Saxon law; and, thus far,
 Peace, and love, and hope seem to go with us.
 And therefore, last of all the Cedar Lake
 Possessions, spot my father last called home,
 Meadows and fields and woodlands, orchard, house,
 Flowers, fruits, jungle and dell, and crystal well,
 Farewell, a hopeful, yet a long farewell.

January 4, 1870.

A HYMN. C. M.

Written in West Creek township on the road south of
Mr Marvin's.

A faith I have, a growing faith
In Jesus Christ's own word;
I look to him for righteousness,
I own him as my Lord.

A hope I have, a blessed hope,
That when this life is o'er
I shall be with the blood-washed throng
Upon the shining shore.

A love I have, a constant love,
Kindled within my breast;
A foretaste, as it seems to me,
Of the eternal rest.

Father, I lift my heart to thee;
I thank thee that thy grace
To me has ever been vouchsafed
That I might seek thy face.

Thy face I sought, thy love received,
What need I ask for more?
Earth and its snares will soon depart;
Thee ever I'll adore.

[FOR G. E. B.]

“Prayer moves the arm that moves the world.”

In childhood's tearful hour,
When clouds of sorrow lower,
When anguish deep hath power,
Pray; yes, pray.

When friends are kind and true:
Earth wears her brightest hue,
All gloom is hid from view,
Pray; yes, pray.

My child, if thou wouldst seek,
The blessing of the meek,
And strength when thou art weak,
Pray; yes, pray.

My child, if thou wouldst flee
The foes that lurk for thee,
And through earth's snares pass free,
Pray; yes, pray.

In memory of Lurina H. Vinnedge, daughter of James T. Vinnedge, and member of Mrs. Ball's infant class, born Nov. 10, 1869, who died at Crown Point, March 22, 1877.

FOR THE CLASS.

But seven years of age, and laid beneath the sod;
 A gentle little girl, her soul has gone to God;
 In Paradise she shares the gracious Saviour's love,
 And loving him we too shall go to dwell above.

A message for her came, came from the Lord of life;
 Permission came to leave this world of toil and strife;
 She lay upon her couch and closed her dreamy eyes,
 She partly waked, then slept to waken in the skies.

Her slender little form, robed in the spotless white,
 Was laid out to repose through death's uncertain night,
 Little class-mates went, and her loving teacher dear,
 To see the folded bud that might not blossom here.

Within the open coffin there at rest she lay;
 One scarce could think that form was only lifeless clay;
 So quiet and so peaceful in her narrow bed,
 She seemed a weary child resting her graceful head.

Death is not often lovely to a human eye,
 Nor often beautiful beneath earth's changing sky;
 But beauty rare and sweet was resting on her face,
 From which not even death could steal away the grace.

As in some ancient forest in a lonely glen,
 Far from the busy world, the world of toiling men,
 We sometimes find a wild flower exquisitely fair,
 Glad'ning with its beauty lonely wanderers there—

So, in her village home, she lay awhile at rest,
 Without the gentle motion of the heaving breast,
 In a wondrous loveliness charming to the heart,
 Of God's signet telling stamped on the mortal part.

The cheeks, of course, were bloodless and the lips were pale,
 Sharing not the glow of the lily of the vale;
 But few sculptors' chisels can finer features trace,
 Than the well set lineaments of this dead young face;

And a soft light was resting on each curtaining lid,
 Which a once sunny eye from look of love now hid,
 And the long dark lashes seemed in such sweet repose,
 You'd think the eyes must open when the sun arose.

Here was that rarest beauty, here that peace so sweet,
 As though the eyes had closed to wait for angels' feet;
 But death had sealed forever each soft curtaining lid,
 No more on earth to waken till the Saviour bid.

No painter with his skill was present on that day,
 To trace that peaceful beauty; so this simple lay,
 Simple and childlike if it be, to help us keep
 In mind how peaceful yet may be our own long sleep.

When on the summer morns in Sabbath School we meet,
 No more we'll hear the sound of Rina's coming feet,
 But we can think of her within the Jasper wall,
 And seek the Saviour's love to rest upon us all.

In memory of Julia B. Summers, often called Lulu, a member of the North Street Sunday school, as fair and lovely as a child of earth could well be, born in Crown Point Nov. 27, 1870, who died July 26, 1877.

We lost another little one.
 So beautiful and bright;
 Her eyes were like some costly gem
 Or like the stars of night.

Her heart was full of tenderness,
 As earthly paths she trod;
 And by some secret "influence sweet,"
 Seemed "upward drawn to God."

Her feet seemed very early turned
 In Wisdom's ways to go;
 And through the Saviour's righteousness,
 Her robes are now like snow.

Her lips were like some opening bud,
 And oft in music low,
 "What a friend we have in Jesus,"
 Would in sweet accents flow.

Her form was symmetry and grace;
Her heart was made for love;
And we know not the radiance,
In which she dwells above.

Her mind a fountain fresh and clear,
Of sparkling, childlike thought;
Her soul, a jewel for our King,
Was long ago blood-bought.

She looked upon the earth and sky,
She gladdened one bright home,
And then she went to Paradise,
Up through the great blue dome.

And there this fair and lovely child,
Child of immortal mold,
Will look for us to enter in
And walk the streets of gold.

And we 'mid all the shining throngs,
Will know her loving heart,
Will know her beaming eyes of light,
And meet no more to part.

So two have now before us gone,
And here we learn the way,
Life's duties nobly to perform,
And reach the endless day.

Hymn sung at the Burial Services:

Safe must this loved one be,
 Father of love and light;
 We trust ourselves, our all, with thee;
 Thy home above is bright.
 And in that home so bright,
 With dear ones gone before,
 We're sure she feels a rich delight,
 Sure she will grieve no more.

Thus safely may we trust,
 In thee, oh Saviour, Friend;
 And we will plant this lovely dust,
 To wait that glorious end;
 Till thou shalt come again,
 And give it second birth;
 Till thou in bliss shalt come again,
 And reign o'er all the earth.

But here we breathe a prayer,
 Our Father, God, to thee;
 Commending to thy loving care,
 One whom thou now dost see.
 One 'mid the mountains wild,
 The father of this dust,
 Himself a grieved and wand'ring child,
 Needing in thee to trust.

When the full meaning falls
 Upon his bleeding heart,
 That, safe within the Jasper Walls,
 Where loved ones never part,
 His darling Lulu passed,—
 Oh Saviour be thou near,
 Show him how long thy love will last,
 Remove each doubt and fear.

And may this precious child
 Lead him close up to thee,
 For thou wast once the Glorious Child
 For all humanity.

And now, enthroned above,
 Thou canst our sorrows feel,
 'Oh Saviour, full of pitying love,
 Do thou our sorrows heal.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Written Nov. 16, 1877, Friday afternoon, during three and a half miles travel between the Woods Bluff road and Clarke's store, in Alabama, the pommel of the pony's saddle being the writing desk,

The world is dark with none to love;
 The world is dull with naught to do;
 And without light from heaven above,
 In vain earth's pathways we pursue.

There must be hope for better things,
 There must be hope for brighter days
 While round frail joys affection clings
 And we press on in toilsome ways.

There must be hope to cheer the soul,
 If we surmount the cares of life,
 And keep the wounded spirit whole,
 And lose not courage in the strife.

And hope there may be, for us all,
 Hope to the soul like anchor strong,
 A hope not dim, nor frail, nor small,
 A hope for aye and ages long.

Long reaching, on and on for aye,
 A hope that gilds life's darkest night,
 That shines along the loneliest way,
 With beams of heaven-born loveliest light.

And work there is for all to do,
 Work suited to each heart and hand,
 Abiding work, secure and true,
 In every corner of our land.

And there is ever One to love,
 The Good One, Father, Saviour, Friend,
 Who sends to us the Heavenly Dove,
 Whose love for us need never end.

And there are hearts to love and bless,
 Sweet lips to sing some soothing lays,
 Earth-forms to love and to caress,
 Kind friends to cheer us all our days.

These may not wear the brightest hues,
 Of earth-born beauty, beauty rare,
 But we may always find and choose,
 Those that are gentle, good, and fair.

Then let us work, and love, and dare,
 Earth is not dull nor dark nor lone,
 We sow, in hope that we shall share
 Rich harvests from the seed well sown.

TO MINNIE.

1877.

Eight years of age, daughter of the Hon. J. S. and Mrs. Alice Dickinson, of Grove Hill, Alabama.

I'm glad I've seen you, Minnie,
 And touched your auburn hair,
 And looked into your dove-like eyes,
 And on your cheeks so fair.

I'm glad you live here, Minnie,
 Though in a world of care,
 To help to make some pathways bright,
 And help some griefs to share.

I hope you'll learn well, Minnie,
And seek for words of truth,
And treasure up bright gems of thought
In these sweet years of youth.

I trust you'll right do, Minnie,
And ever shun the wrong,
For truth and right, combined in one,
Forevermore are strong.

May you be happy, Minnie,
In loving what is fair,
And spend your years of earthly life,
Outside the clouds of care.

But best of all now, Minnie,
I hope you'll love one Friend,
Who loves his own disciples here,
With love that does not end.

And if you love him, Minnie,
The Saviour of our race,
He'll fill your heart with living love,
And grant you his rich grace.

And then in Heaven, Minnie,
In Paradise above,
You can learn at length the meaning,
Of "everlasting love."

A LETTER.

My dearest, darling one,
 Great blessing of my life,
 Child reared beneath this sun,
 My own sweet, chosen wife;—

It seems to me I hear
 A little plaint of sadness,
 Because I am not near
 On Christmas, day of gladness;

Because I've staid away
 So long from home and thee;
 Because, day after day,
 My form thou canst not see;

Because I tarry here,
 In this bright sunny clime,
 Where many friends are near,
 And swiftly flies the time;—

It seems to me, I say,
 As though my ears could hear,
 A little plaintive lay,
 That breathes in sadness drear.

My darling, *do not grieve.*
 This air *is* soft and mild,
 But can one e'er believe
 It has my heart beguiled?

These woods *are* bright and green;
 These running streams are clear;
 The joyous birds are seen;
 But THOU, *thou art not near!*

And here are sunny eyes,
 And they seem fair to me,
 Their pleasant looks I prize,
 For they are near to thee.

Dear kindred these of thine,
 Who of like blood partake;
 I call them also mine;
 I love them for thy sake.

But here awhile I tarry,
 If all my work were done,
 To see our Lillie marry,
 Beneath December's sun.

And I have work on hand,
 This toilsome work of brain,
 Searching the records of this land,
 That once belonged to Spain.

This "land," I mean this South,
 At first called Flowery Earth,
 Where birds of mocking mouth,
 And bright eyed girls have birth.

It is not native beauty,
 That holds me like a dream;
 It is the voice of duty,
 Not sun, nor bird, nor stream.

Then, darling, do not grieve,
 Because I am not near;
 Upon this Christmas eve
 I send thee words of cheer.

My work is almost o'er,
 I hasten back to thee,
 I count the weeks no more,
 Swift may the moments be.

The evergreens I leave,
 'Mid which I love to roam;
 This little lay I weave,
 To say, *I'm coming home.*

Grove Hill, Alabama, December, 1877.

Written for David A. Chapman and Miss Lillie H. Woodard and presented to them on their bridal eve.

To-night within this home there's light;
 It is the light of love;
 And love forever will make bright
 The home that is above.

But earth-born love needs heaven-born grace;
 And when entwined in one,
 Then children of this human race
 Find happiness begun.

Two lives within this home to-night,
 Are blending into one;
 True hearts and hands we here unite,
 Pledged till life's work is done.

Once, in the land of Galilee,
 To Cana's village small,
 A Jewish marriage rite to see
 There came the Lord of all.

Though not within a princely hall,
 That bride, I think, was fair;
 And Jesus Christ himself they call,
 And his disciples there.

Here, in this broad and sunny land,
 Home of the fig and vine,
 Within that Saviour's love we stand,
 And on his arm recline.

His blessing therefore we expect;
 In confidence we pray;
 His words we do not dare neglect,
 But heed them day by day.

Young wedded pair, I wish you joy,
Serene, abiding, true,
Which nothing earthly can destroy,
Which love will give to you.

Trials and cares you're sure to meet,
It is the earthly lot;
No path is trod by human feet,
On which God sends them not.

They may be light, they may be few,
But should your hearts be tried,
At faith's pure altar love renew,
And kneel down side by side:

Yes, kneel and to your Father pray,
And he will give you light,
Light that can cheer your darkest day,
And gild your gloomiest night.

Remember what a power is love;
Remember what a friend is God;
Tho' sometimes from his throne above,
He lays on us his chastening rod.

Remember that to purify,
To cleanse from earthly dross,
Is one of the great reasons why
He lays on us some cross.

Then bravely by each other stand,
 Be strong when comes the "weary day,"
 And, as you have been joined in hand,
 So may you be in heart alway.

IN MEMORY OF LILLIAN BALL OF CHICAGO.

Little Lillian, daughter of J. Wesley Ball, died at the home of her grandfather Charles R. Ball, in Jefferson, Illinois, Sept. 5th, 1878, at 1:30 P. M., aged four years.

Another gentle, quiet one
 Is laid away in sleep;
 Another lovely little one
 God's holy angels keep.

Sweet Lillian has passed away,
 Passed to the world above,
 That joyous world where Jesus dwells,
 And all hearts glow with love.

A shadow falls across her home,
 Her parents grieve and weep;
 But she has passed from grief and tears,
 And peaceful is her sleep.

Our Saviour takes such little ones;
For them we need not weep;
For them no hearts on earth need ache,
Nor lonely vigils keep.

Tears for the living we may shed,
And offer fervent prayer,
That he who watches human steps,
Will ever for them care.

But joy for little gathered ones,
The lilies of our race,
The pearls that are to gleam above,
Sharing the Saviour's grace.

We miss them, much we miss them here,
Our homes grow dark and lone,
And therefore is it that we grieve,
And that our crushed hearts moan.

Such grief there is for Lillian,
For thee, young graceful child,
Thy father and thy mother's joy,
So fair, so frail, so mild.

Dust has been given back to dust,
A grave for thee was made,
And there, beneath the shining sun,
Thy white-robed form was laid.

I would not rear a marble shaft,
A monument to be,
To bear sometime a mossy name,
The name they gave to thee.

But rather would I simply write,
Upon some living page,
With living and with loving heart
Thy name, and death, and age.

I'm sure not very long thou'llt sleep,
That morn is drawing near,
That brightest morn earth ever knew,
When Jesus will appear.

Earth's stormy night has almost passed,
The morning star will rise,
Darkness and light are blending now,
Along the eastern skies.

Our Saviour Jesus, will appear,
And he for thee will call;
The archangel's voice, the trump of God,
Will wake thee, Lillian Ball.

TO THE MEMORY OF MAGGIE TURNER.

Youngest daughter of Hon. David Turner of Crown Point, Indiana, born Nov. 3, 1867, who died at the family home in Crown Point, January 9, 1879.

Eleven years ago, last autumn, came,
Into a village home, a little child;
Her parents gave to her a pleasant name,
And she from heavy cares their hearts beguiled:
Sometimes no doubt she grieved, but often smiled,
And grew in beauty as she grew in years;
Grew rich in humor, yet continued mild;
And seemed quite far removed from childish fears.
How should she know that this is called a world of tears?

She was the youngest, and around her heart,
From brothers two and gentle sisters five,
Love was entwined. Love makes it hard to part,
When some must die and others still survive;
But love forever must be kept alive,
If we would know the joy of being blest;
Love is an air in which the soul can thrive,
If we love those on whom our hearts can rest:
But parting hours must come. They come at God's behest.

Along the paths of childhood life she walked;

At home, in school, at church, she filled her place;
Cheerful her flow of spirit when she talked,

And winsome also with sweet childhood's grace,
Her budding youth was coming on apace.

She had been taught in prayer each day to bow,
Had learned that she must run the Christian race,

Had learned that she must seek Christ's favor now,
And that a glorious crown might one day press her brow.

Then she lay down to die. 'Twas winter time;

Cold was the air and white with snow the ground;
The summer birds within a distant clime,

A sunny sky and leafy woods had found;
Her home was soon to be a grassy mound;

When spring returns with all its sounds of mirth,
Then with bird-music will our groves resound;

And when he comes, the Lord of second birth,

Then will his sainted ones come forth from out the earth.

Yes, she lay down and died. Day after day,

The bright light faded from her hazel eyes,
And then the sunny spirit passed away.

We could not see in Heaven the glad surprise,
With which, where glories after glories rise,

She looked upon the face of Heaven's great King;
We have no glass with which to pierce the skies;

We could not hear those lofty arches ring,

While holy, happy angels round her soul did sing.

Four sisters, one by one, had gone from home;
 Each had a happy bridal day and eve;
 We do not know what paths their feet may roam,
 Nor how, this earthly life, they each will leave;
 But no life hopes can her young heart deceive:
 Robed, not in bridal, but in burial white,
 Where they had stood she slept. Why need we grieve?
 Her lovely smile had faded. It was night.
 Had she not gone to dwell with holy ones in light?

In a note book, which she requested from her father a few days before her death, was found this quotation from Romans, "As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess"—and here the tired fingers laid the pencil down. Her right hand was soon to lose its cunning, but her soul would not lose the sacred teachings treasured there.

Written for Miss Genie H. Woodard and Dr. Gross Chapman on the occasion of their marriage at Grove Hill. 1879.

Almost two years have swiftly glided by,
 Since here we met on Lillie's bridal day;
 And I suppose again I ought to try,
 To weave a little, simple, joyous lay.

To-night our Genie is the radiant bride,
 She gives to-night her hand with heart of love;
 Lovely and sweet, not marred by earthly pride,
 She looks as peaceful as the sunny dove.

I have not heard upon this quiet night,
 The carol of our garden mocking-bird;
 But I have caught the glance of eyes of light,
 And bird-like music in some hearts has stirred.

The sky above this home to-night is blue,
 The stars of glory now are shining there;
 And if our hearts are brave and pure and true,
 The sky of life, far up, will still be fair.

The household circle is unbroken yet,
 Father and mother, brother, sisters dear;
 And one is added, one, the household pet,
 For Lillie's little Hattie Strother's here.

That Lillie with her husband here should stand,
 And bring their little one is surely meet;
 Bright is the home where dwells her loving band,
 And where she guards the tread of little feet.

"A heritage" are children "from the Lord;"
 Sweetly the echoes of their voices sound,
 And bind our hearts with love as with a cord,
 Where health and plenty spread their comforts round.

We train our daughters up and they go out;
 Upon them beams a Providence benign;
 In a few years is heard the joyous shout
 Of children in their homes at day's decline.

'Tis sweet to have a home, an earthly home,
 And when at night around the household tree,
 All meet beneath the stars of heaven's blue dome,
 Content and light and love ought there to be.

Yet sweeter and more joyous will it be,
 To enter in to the Celestial Home;
 An ecstasy of joy, it seems to me,
 Will then fill hearts that oft in sadness roam.

Now Genie from her childhood's home must go;
 She enters upon woman's destined lot,
 To be for man a help and not a woe;
 Yet childhood's home can never be forgot.

For her, and for her chosen guide and friend,
 Now let us breathe a fervent, earnest prayer,
 That when for them at length shall come life's end,
 They may find light beyond this viewless air.

EXPLANATORY NOTES—On the night of the marriage of Miss Lillie Woodard, in December 1877, a mocking-bird in the evergreen peach tree in Judge Woodard's garden sang a spring-like song, as though rejoicing at the event. The allusion is to this song in the third stanza.

The home alluded to in the sixth stanza is the residence of David A. Chapman, three miles from Grove Hill, where

with them his mother resides. Outwardly beautiful in its surroundings it is indeed a home, a fine specimen of what a Christian home may be.

Hattie Strother Chapman, referred to in the fifth stanza was Judge Woodard's first grandchild, in whose dark, earnest eyes a world of wonder lay, a very quiet and winning child now in Paradise.

Written for Miss Georgia Williams of Bashi and George Megginson, on their marriage eve December 11, 1879.

"This world is full of beauty
 Just like the worlds above,
 And if we did our duty
 It might be full of love."

These words, by some one spoken,
 Contain a living truth;
 But bright ties oft are broken,
 That bind our hearts in youth.

We do not do our duty,
 In filling earth with love;
 We drink not in the beauty,
 That glows around, above.

But, Georgia, I am trusting
 That you may gain success,
 Your heart and life adjusting
 To Scripture righteousness.

The dew-drop of the morning
 Soon dries beneath the sun;
 To us it giveth warning
 That life's race soon is run.

While earthly life is fleeting,
 Your own but scarce begun,
 You have a hope of meeting
 Where comes no setting sun.

The dew-drop in the lily
 Spoils not its fragrance sweet;
 But when the night grows chilly
 Some flowery petals meet.

If then the tears of sorrow
 Should dim your lustrous eye,
 Be mindful that the morrow
 Finds love still nestling nigh.

This truth will bear repeating,
 That in the soul lies worth;
 For girlhood's charms are fleeting,
 They fade like things of earth.

And may you, now possessing
 This youthful heart and hand,
 Both find and prove a blessing;
 By her in trials stand.

Your single life is ending;
 You're husband now and wife;
 And may your two souls blending
 Share a loving, happy life.

Be faithful to each other;
 In joy and sorrow pray;
 You have a Friend, a Brother,
 In the realms of perfect day.

In him through life believing,
 You will find that life is sweet;
 And from him grace receiving,
 In Heaven at last you'll meet.

OUR BROAD LAND.

Written in the morning of July 21, 1881, and originally published in *The Youth's Companion*. Inserted here by permission.

Tune—"America."

Land of the prairies wide,
 Washed by two oceans' tide,
 Land of our birth;
 Land where the mountains proud
 Are often capped with cloud;
 Of thee we sing aloud,
 Fair clime of earth.

Land of the forest deep,
 Where countless echoes sleep
 Which man will wake;
 Where cedar, oak, and pine,
 And many a wood of thine,
 Fragrance and strength combine,
 For us to take:—

Land of the lakes and streams,
 Where not the old triremes,
 But steamers ply;
 Land of broad vale and mead,
 Where flocks and herds now feed,
 Supplying many a need,
 Glad'ning the eye:—

Land of rich grass and grain,
 Of cotton and of cane,
 Of fruits and vines;
 Of gold and silver bright,
 Of wells of oil for light,
 Of coal to cheer the night,
 Of iron mines.

O glorious land of ours,
 Not held by lordly towers,
 Land of the free;
 Land of the free and brave,
 Whose shores free waters lave,
 God's grace for thee we crave,
 We pray for thee.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN. C. M. July 25, 1861.

We sing the glories of our land,
 A song of praise to-day;
 We, who are now a mighty band;
 To God we sing and pray.

Land where the Pilgrim and the Friend,
 Land where the Dutch and Swede,
 'Mid storms that made the nations bend,
 Found homes in their sore need;—

Land where the dauntless Huguenot,
 And English Cavalier,
 And exiled bands from many a spot,
 Sought refuge, rest, or cheer;—

Land of broad forest and of plain,
 Of mountain, hill, and dale.
 Of golden sunshine, summer rain,
 Wide field, and sheltered vale.

To thee, Oh God of all the earth,
 To whom all praise is due,
 Who hast preserved us from our birth,
 We give our love anew.

We thank thee for this pleasant land,
 And for the fruits of earth;
 May we to-day, a festive band,
 Make melody and mirth.*

*See Neh. 8:12.

In Memory of EDITH E. BALL, Daughter of James H. and Mrs. Harrie
 B. Ball, who was Born June 10, and Died August 14, 1881.

The following is a portion of a postal card received at
 Holyoke, Friday, August 19, 1881, written at Crown Point:

“August 16th

Dear Father:—The last few days have been sad ones for
 us. Our little Edith was very sick all day Sunday, and at
 eleven o'clock in the evening passed away. Mr. Clearwaters

conducted the funeral exercises at our house at four yesterday. * * * We are lonely to-day without little Edith.

Your daughter,
Georgie."

She came a stranger, like a little bird
From Paradise, seeking an earthly home.
She found a feeble mother, one who gave
Her love, and care at first, but soon became
Too weak for ministries of tenderness.
She found a father, thoughtful, kind, and true,
Who himself became with care o'er burdened,
And could not therefore do for her, his bud.
One bud of promise sweet, his daughter dear,
The lily of his line, the first to stir
A fount of love for which earth has no rest,
All that a father's love for the first born
Would gladly do.

She found a faithful nurse.

And then she found an aunt and cousin true,
And with these two she seemed to nestle down
And find awhile her home. Her eyes were bright,
Her smile was winning. And her little form
Began to grow with childlike grace, and hope
Grew also in her cousin's heart that she
One day would have a winsome, cheery friend,
A bright girl cousin, frolicsome and sweet,
Whose little feet would run the paths of life,
Whose little hands herself might train for use

And for the ornamental work of home,
 Of home and loved ones dear; and in whose heart,
 Cast in a gentle mold, (for from the eyes
 Of the young stranger beamed, and in her smiles,
 And on her lips when tremulous with grief,
 There dwelt, the tokens of a tender soul,)
 In which young soul she might herself implant
 The germs of knowledge, the rich seeds of life,
 That life which lives and grows forevermore
 Within the soul.

But while these pleasant hopes
 Were budding as the tiny form began
 With promise fair to grow and thrive, a cloud
 Came o'er the sunshine. Burning heat was in
 The August sun of the blue sky without.
 Within the little child was smitten. Then,
 Perhaps there came a whisper from afar,
 "Let us go back." And the young child took wings,
 Took wings again, and with the angel guard
 Went back to that bright home, that home of love,
 Home of unfading beauty, perfect bliss,
 Where care and pain and sorrow never come,
 Where night is not, where grief and wrong and woe,
 Where toil and sin, and aching heart and brain,
 And cloud o'er thought, or cloud o'er loving soul,
 Within the brightness of the Father's love,
 Can never dwell nor for one moment be.
 Farewell then, Edith Ball, Edith of Lake,

Edith Elisabeth, the name they gave,
 Thy father and thy mother, when young hope
 Was budding here on earth. Thou wilt not be
 In this drear world forgotten, although few
 Thine earthly weeks of summer life. One long
 Bright day is now before thee. Soon will meet,
 Will meet thee radiant, glorious there, father,
 Mother, cousin, aunt; yes a loving throng
 From East, and West, and South. Then thou wilt be
 One among a kindred band who within
 That happy land, with the larger, countless
 Hosts of the ransomed, sinless, clothed in white
 Ever shall be with the Lord, with the Lamb;
 With that slain, that risen One, child of earth
 For myriads once, King now forevermore.
 So fare thee well. But not for aye. No not
 For long. Rest in our earth, oh tiny form,
 Till the day dawns and the great trumpet sounds.

A Hymn Sung at the Meeting of the Old Settlers' Association in September, 1881. 6s and 4s.

TUNE—"OLIVET."

A nation mourns to-day;
 To thee, oh God, we pray;
 We bow the knee:

Thy will hath made us great;
 Thou rulest church and state;
 Thou art, and not blind fate.
 O'er land and sea.

Thou didst our fathers bless;
 Didst hear when, in distress,
 They cried to thee:
 Grieved, smitten, chastened now,
 Again to thee we bow,
 We breathe the suppliant's vow;
 Hear thou our plea.

Our nation's head lies low,
 And millions feel the blow
 That struck him down:
 Within the White House grief,
 Mourning around a chief,
 Who claimed no feudal fief,
 Who wore no crown.

Chosen through law to be,
 The ruler of the free,
 To guide the state:
 A madman's hand we see,
 Raised against man and thee,
 Of murder guilty he:
 Low lies the great.

Comfort the widow thou;
 Be more than father now,
 To children sad:
 Their earthly wants supplied,
 - In thee may they abide,
 Until the even-tide,
 And then be glad.

And may our land have rest,
 And be with concord blest,
 In love agree:
 With our false pride subdued,
 And with thy grace imbued;
 That we may be renewed,
 We look to thee.

Oh God, our Father, hear;
 To the bereaved be near,
 Comfort each heart:
 Regard the orphans' tears;
 Dispel the nation's fears;
 Grant us in coming years,
 A noble part.

A noble part in life,
 Free from low faction's strife,
 Free from all stains:
 From this dark hour of woe,
 Caring for high and low,
 May we still onward go,
 While time remains.

A hymn on the death of President Garfield, sung at the public services held in the Court House at Crown Point.

7s & 6s.

The Lord in heaven reigneth,
 Let all the earth rejoice;
 The Lord is King forever,
 Praise Him with heart and voice;
 But sad is now the burden
 Of this one song we raise;
 Low is the mighty fallen!
 Sighs mingle with our praise.

Our cities draped in mourning;
 What mean these signs of woe?
 Why pales the cheek of manhood?
 What mean the tears that flow?
 Low is the mighty fallen,
 Our nation's chosen chief,
 Ruler of fifty millions!
 What words can tell our grief?

Oh weep, Columbia's daughters,
 Lament the honored dead;
 A sister sad, true-hearted,
 Laments her fallen head;
 The head of one bright household,
 A husband, father, friend,
 In one of earth's high places,
 Has found of earth the end.

How came the mighty fallen?
 By an assassin's hand;
 And righteous indignation
 Has swept o'er this broad land;
 God is the one Great Ruler
 Whose power will never end;
 To Him we pay our homage,
 Before His throne we bend.

Ruler succeedeth ruler
 In throne or chair of state;
 God reigns, he reigns forever,
 And He alone is great;
 Since men by him are chosen
 For deeds of earthly fame,
 With Washington and Lincoln
 We now join Garfield's name.

NOTES.—In the first stanza some words are taken from the 97 Psalm. The expression "the mighty fallen" is from David's lament over Jonathan and Saul. The expression in the third

stanza, "her fallen head," alludes to the Scripture teaching "the head of the woman is the man:" The last line of the third stanza alludes to the words of John Quincy Adams, when dying: "This is the last of earth, I am content." "He alone is great," in the fifth stanza alludes to the noted words of Massillon when as he stood before the altar and beside the remains of Louis XIV, pointing to the form of the dead monarch he slowly uttered "God only is Great," and that magnificent assembly, moved as by one impulse, rose and reverently bowed.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

Sung at the Semi-centennial celebration of Lake county after "commemorative remarks" in memory of Mr. George Willey, who was Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration, who died April 5th at the age of seventy years.

We must pass ere long away
To the realms of endless day;
While we briefly sojourn here,
Earthly woes we need not fear,
Ours a hope that gildeth bright
Every cloud of earthly night.

Let us on the Father call,
Who in mercy heareth all;
He who pities human woes,
No respect to persons shows;
As we in his sight appear
So he judges; Him we'll fear.

We were not redeemed with gold
From our mode of living old,
But with blood; we share the love
Of the Lamb enthroned above;
One another then must we
Love with pure heart fervently.

While our days of sojourn here
 We must pass in filial fear,
 We are taught to count it joy
 When temptations us annoy;
 Having Christ our living Friend
 Soon our conflicts all will end.

[For some of the teachings contained in the above hymn the author would refer, in regard to the second and third stanzas, to 1 Peter 1:17-22; and for the fourth stanza, in connection with this passage, to James 1:2.

Crown Point, Saturday morning, April 5, 1884.]

SEMI-CENTENNIAL POEM.

1884.

Full fifty years ago,
 Amid the winter's snow,
 These groves, this prairie land,
 Our northern lake shore strand,
 Were bare, and bleak, and wild;
 But white man, wife and child,
 One cabin dwelling place had found,
 Had come to hold and till the ground.

These fifty years of time,
 Passing o'er every clime,
 Have wondrous changes made
 Wherever man has strayed.
 Within our borders small,
 Changes have passed o'er all,
 Those who shared happy childhood then,
 Are gray-haired women now and men.

Of children, women, men,
 In years now five times ten,
 (Those years of war and peace,)
 Has been a large increase:
 Some sixteen thousand here
 Have homes this fiftieth year,
 The year which now we celebrate
 As half a century in our date.

The Red men are no more
 Upon our northern shore,
 With birchen bark canoes
 And moccasins for shoes;
 They hunt no more the deer,
 They wield no more the spear,
 They trap no more the rat and mink
 Along our river's grassy brink.

Their tomahawks are found
Imbedded in our ground;
Their spear and arrow heads
Are in their lowly beds;
The race from us has gone,
To live but in our song,
And on our own historic page,
In records of our earliest age.

The tread of busy feet
Is now on many a street;
Voices of girls and boys,
The homes of household joys,
Are on our prairie lea,
And by the streamlets free,
Where late was nature's solitude
Or where the Indian wigwam stood.

The busy marts of trade,
When sales for gain are made,
The ware-house and the store,
Filled yearly o'er and o'er,
With purchased grain and hay,
With goods for ready pay,
These give us town and village now,
Since white men came and brought the plow.

Now rise the village spires,
Mid all our household fires;
For men of every creed
Acknowledge human need,
And worship Him above,
The one true God of love,
Where late the Red men bowed and prayed,
On prairie wild, in forest shade.

Next to the church the school,
Where, under gentle rule,
Our children knowledge gain,
Gives proof of white man's brain ;
School houses trim and neat,
Where fair-haired children meet,
In all our rural districts stand,
Our heritage from Pilgrim land.

The anvil and the loom,
Joined like a bride and groom,
Are symbols of a toil,
Bringing a richer spoil,
Than Indian hunter's bow
Has ever yet laid low;
This toil in many a work shop now
Bedews the workman's noble brow.

From early dawn till night,
And oft by bright lamp light,
Consuming midnight oil,
Goes on this ceaseless toil,
Where each mechanic art,
Of labor claims its part:
Our shops, our mills, our kilns, our homes,
Would not be found where Indian roams.

Our ceaseless toil and trade,
Where honest gains are made,
Growing through fifty years,
Years with their hopes and fears,
Have made a wondrous change
Where wild deer found free range;
And we expect a city yet
Upon the winding Calumet.

The ponderous, loaded car,
Bringing the freight from far,
Drawn by steam's wondrous power,
Is passing every hour;
And thousands on each day,
Pass by us on their way,
To find some place for toil or rest,
Northward or southward, east or west.

And we have still much more,
More than the well filled store,
Or kiln, or shop, or mill,
To show the power of will
In making nature pay
Rich tribute every day;
Not iron rail or wire alone,
We have this year the telephone.

But our true wealth is made,
Not by the means of trade,
Although mechanic art
Has borne a useful part.
We plow, we sow, we reap,
And while we wake and sleep,
Herds crop the meadows fresh and gay,
Grass grows to fill our barns with hay.

Our thousand well tilled farms,
With all their rural charms,
With garden, orchard, field,
(With their abundant yield,)
Which dot the prairies o'er,
Where bison roamed of yore,
These make of Lake the growing wealth,
And give us homes of love and health.

And then our flocks and herds,
 Grazing when sing the birds,
 Our horses, poultry, hogs,
 (Even our cats and dogs,
 Having their parts to fill,
 Obeying human will),
 These cattle on a thousand plains
 Bring to their owners large rich gains.

Our farms, our country homes,
 If not adorned with domes,
 Mansion and cottage fair,
 Where fragrance fills the air
 In spring and summer time,
 Where running roses climb,
 These with their flowers and fruits and shades,
 Are richer than the town arcades.

Here is the hum of bees,
 When bloom the apple trees;
 Here, through the shining hours,
 Bees gather sweets from flowers;
 Here should be great content,
 (No butchers' bills, no rent,)
 Where lambkins skip and children play,
 Through all the livelong summer day.

Though beautiful and bright,
 Seen in morn's rosy light,
 These quiet homes appear,
 The age of toil is here;
 And prattling children learn
 Money to save and earn;
 Fathers and mothers plan still more
 How to increase their golden store.

Too sordid is our age;
 Too many now engage,
 With heart, and soul, and mind,
 The road to wealth to find.
 We need to love our land;
 We need the open hand;
 "Man does not live by bread alone,"
 Although he cannot eat a stone.

We need our gala days;
 We need the voice of praise;
 We should love nature more
 Than gold or silver ore;
 The lakes, the running streams,
 As fair as childhood's dreams,
 The groves, the meads when bright with flowers,
 May well beguile our careworn hours.

Blue is our sky in June,
Bright shines our harvest moon,
Fair are our early flowers,
Pleasant our April showers,
Hot is the summer's sun,
Bright stars their courses run.
We claim of naught to have the best,
But good enough for every guest.

Peace to the homes of Lake.
Each must its records make
In the on-coming years;
There will be smiles and tears;
But let us love renew,
As briefly we review
These fifty years of light and shade
Since here his home a white man made.

Peace to the homes of Lake.
In love may they awake,
At peace with God and man,
Heeding great Nature's plan,
As mornings come and go,
And winters white with snow.
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
May God protect us as of old.

A SILVER WEDDING ODE.

1885.

NOTE.—The Silver Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Allman was the great social event of Crown Point for the year 1885. More than one hundred guests were present. Some forty others invited were obliged to send their regrets. One of the finest family residences in Crown Point or in Lake county had not very long before been built, furnished, and was now the family home. The presents were beautiful and valuable. A congratulatory address was made by Judge Field and a response was given by Mr. James H. Luther, Mrs. Allman's brother. The supper was in keeping with the surroundings, and the whole entertainment of the evening was peculiarly delightful.

To Mr. Amos and Mrs. Mary Allman. Married at Crown Point, March 22d, 1860:

Kind friends, dear friends, I wish you joy to-night,
 In this rich home brilliant with love and light;
 And while so many, silver offerings bring,
 Permit me as a troubadour to sing.

My song should be of silvery sound and thought,
 With living truth like threads of silk inwrought;
 Perchance of love, of wedded love I ween,
 The love that makes a matron home's true queen.

The wonders of our life are manifold;
They cannot in one hour or day be told;
They upward soar beyond the highest reach
Of human thought, much more of human speech.

For them to-night my harp has not been strung;
I leave them therefore in their height unsung;
You celebrate to-night a bridal eve,
And for your brows some chaplet I would weave.

Marriage we know goes back to Eden's bower;
It tells us of creative love and power;
Fairest of women Eve became a wife,
On the first day of her God-given life.

Your days had passed, the days of childhood fair,
When boys chase butterflies in summer air;
When dolls and patch-work please our little girls,
Who skip and play and toss their auburn curls.

And youth had ended with each golden dream
When things that are mingle with things that seem;
And womanhood had come with its rich dower,
And manhood with its noble aims and power.

Then, by love guided, each of each made choice;
Well may you in this wedded love rejoice;
Love from a marriage altar shines afar;
Its light is constant like the polar star.

How wondrous is this love that binds two hearts!
 Some speak of Cupid and his shining darts;
 You each the other chose and took the vow,
 That binds you as a wife and husband now.

Then years came on, with cares and toils and joys;
 Into you cottage home came girls and boys;
 And they have lived, their life has opened bright;
 Great cause for thankfulness have you to-night.

As five and twenty years are ending now,
 Years that have left some impress on each brow,
 We rest awhile to think and to enjoy;
 To taste life's bliss without that life's alloy.

And here, within even this charmed circle gay,
 Your thoughts go back to that first bridal day;
 Then life was new and fresh and all untried;
 'Twas joy to be, and joy to have, a bride.

And as to-night you glance o'er these swift years,
 How bright each mercy in the past appears;
 Of earthly good, what need you ask for more?
 Surely with blessings now your cup runs o'er.

You have Irene and Jessie, daughters fair,
 With girlhood's light still on their sunny hair;
 You have two stately sons, Walter and Claude,
 Whose manly ways all noble hearts applaud.

You have a fifth, another daughter yet,
 Bright little Nellie, now the household pet;
 And in each form there dwells a radiant mind,
 Bright, apt to learn, intelligent, refined.

Such are five treasures which you hold most dear;
 You have a home of comfort, ease, and cheer;
 Economy and skill, still gaining more,
 Have year by year increased your earthly store.

And here you are this eve in middle age,
 To turn in life's strange book another page;
 Say I not well, what could you ask for more?
 Surely with blessings does your cup run o'er.

This evening's joy will pass; time flies along;
 And that reminds me I must end my song:
 And threads of silver on your heads and mine,
 Remind us we must look for life's decline.

I have no second sight, no prophet's ken,
 Although I hold this eve a poet's pen;
 But I might look along the coming years,
 And guessing at the joys omit the tears.

But rather let us rest, review the past,
 Enjoy life's blessings while these blessings last;
 Friends throng around you here; friendship is sweet :
 'Tis pleasant in this palace home to meet.

I hope that you may reach your golden day;
As yet you've journeyed toward it half the way;
In wisdom and in mercy on our eyes,
The curtain o'er the future will not rise.

One said, Thou shalt thy children's children see,
While peace, sweet peace around thy home shall be;
Such was a blessing God pronounced of old;
May you share this, and reach the day of gold.

But friends, dear friends, old age will come apace;
And by and by must end the earthly race;
Life is a voyage; when this life is o'er,
Be sure you land upon the Golden Shore.

AN ALUMNI POEM.

Written by appointment and read before the Alumni Association of Franklin College in June, 1885.

BROTHERHOODS.

As childhood listens to the songs of birds,
So wisdom listens to well chosen words.

This earth with all its storms and rugged wilds,
Parched desert solitudes and fields of ice,
Its dreary wastes of ocean and its nights,
Is yet adorned with beauty. Over all
The habitable parts, and all the known
Foot-trodden regions of our native earth
Traces are found of that bright world of light,
That at creation's dawn flooded this earth
At God's express command and mantled it
With loveliness. I do not know why God
Made so much beauty here on earth, beauty
In color, motion, symmetry, and life,
The very poetry and grace of youth,
Unless he meant that we should beauty love.
Doubtless in other worlds, where only truth
And goodness dwell, are higher forms of grace,
That kind of grace that we call loveliness,
Adorning perfect life. But also here

Is higher beauty than the outward kind,
 Of color, form, and motion. Even here
 Where bloom the rose and lily, where the shells
 From ocean's depths are wondrous, and the light
 Of sunshine flashes on high mountain tops,
 And rainbows span the valleys, even here
 We all acknowledge beauty of the soul,
 We recognize what we call lovely sights,
 And therefore beautiful, in social life,
 In mental and in moral acts performed,
 In those relationships that bind us here,
 To one another, to our race, and God.
 This brings me to my subject, BROTHERHOODS.
 And first of all we must allow and feel
 That a true brotherhood is beautiful.
 Look at its simplest form, a family,
 A family of boys and gentle girls,
 For girls we know come into brotherhoods.
 Those boys are surely to be pitied who,
 In all their lives have known no sister's love.
 To be an only child, alone in life,
 Is not a lot that any one need crave.
 To stand alone, perhaps on dizzy height,
 Is sometimes terrible. Some have e'en thought,
 If there be one archangel, one who dwells
 Above all other homes of holy ones,
 Without a peer in this wide universe,
 He sometimes must feel lone. I do not think

God has made creatures to be all alone;
 At least I know that for earth's loneliness
 A solace is in God. But let us look
 At girls and boys in one small home of earth.
 When these are bound by ties of kindred love,
 And are what children of one home should be,
 What sight on earth can be more beautiful!
 See how the eldest watches gently o'er
 The younger ones and good examples sets.
 See how the younger to the elder ones
 Look up in perfect confidence for care,
 Encouragement, protection, help, and love.
 See how all strive to work some common good.
 And when the little sister, full of grace,
 A bud unfolding fast, but timid, shy,
 To strangers, like a fawn in forest wild,
 Trustful at home, like that same spotted fawn
 When it has felt the hand of gentle child,
 Gives to her elder brother the sweet kiss
 Of childhood's trusting love, he has the best
 That there is left on earth of innocence
 And purity and peace. Childhood is near
 To Heaven, near to the blessed care and love
 Of angels; and a trusting child's sweet lips
 Have yet some tremulous vibrations left
 Of words and songs, of echoes and caress,
 That might have been in Eden's sinless bowers.
 We all do know that homes of earthly love,

Brothers and sisters in sweet concord there,
 Are the abodes of beauty. Are such rare?
 Look at a larger brotherhood and say
 If the ideal at least thrills not the heart,
 The brotherhood of man. Here is one race,
 All in one world, made of one blood, and all
 Children of one same God. Suppose they all
 Each for the other cared, and each one loved
 All others, as some earth-born children do
 In one small household? What if some are black,
 Or white, or brown, have swarthy, tawny skin,
 Are yellow, red or copper colored, what
 To us the difference, if our hearts but glow
 With kindred love? Some eyes are blue, some black,
 Some gray, some hazel, and some seem to have
 Such changeful hues as thought and feeling flash
 To mine, I do not know their actual shade.
 Some lovely forms are blondes, some are brunettes,
 Some have dark olive hues, and some there are,
 So poets say, so novelists affirm,
 Whose roses blend with lilies in their rich,
 God-given beauty. But it should be now,
 It will be by and by, the heart, the soul,
 We love. If now we could exemplify
 Upon our earth this brotherhood of man,
 Would not the angels from the world of light
 Look down and say, How beautiful! Behold
 The family of man! Look once again.

'Tis written in the holy Book love ye
 "The brotherhood." That is a smaller, yes,
 A choicer band, brothers and sisters called
 From every tribe and nation to come out
 And form one glorious band, bound heart to heart,
 Made not of blood alike alone, but born,
 Yea, of one Spirit born. They ought to show
 On earth, not waiting for the heavenly world,
 All that is beautiful in brotherhoods,
 For they are taught even to lay their lives
 Each for the other down. I let them pass.
 Their record is not what it ought to be.
 Then there are many smaller brotherhoods,
 Among which ours is one. The thousand more
 I need not even name. How are we one?
 We have a common mother. College hall,
 Our dear old college, school of classic lore,
 Planned by our fathers for the prophets' sons,
 We have personified, and call her now
 OUR ALMA MATER. Within college walls
 We drink from the Castalian fount, we drink
 From the Pierian spring. We drink from founts
 Of knowledge all unknown to Grecian minds.
 Their poems grand, their wondrous myths we read,
 Immortal writings of their ancient men
 We study; then we pass, beyond their ken,
 Into the world of modern thought, the world,
 Of science, which their wise philosophers

Had not explored. All this rich food for mind,
 This mental pabulum, our mother gives.
 Well may we call her ALMA. Using food
 So much alike, by the same teachers trained,
 Passing, as hand in hand, by the same ways
 Up the steep hill of science, thus we learn
 In part to think alike; we have some stock
 Of learning all in common; what one knows
 The others know of this our common lore;
 And as one thinks, in part, the others think,
 In the great beaten lines of human thought.
 And so this mental likeness makes us kin.
 We do not all the same expressions use,
 Our shades of thought are various, and our tastes
 May vary widely,—in one home I know
 The children are not all alike, I think
 That angels differ each from each, and yet
 Are angels all—and we are brothers all.
 There was a time when we were very few;
 And when our mother might have worn the weeds
 Of widowhood; her halls were still and lone;
 Forsaken she seemed to be of all her sons.
 I cannot claim that then our brotherhood
 Was beautiful. But a new era dawned.
 Fair gentle forms, sweet flute-like voices came,
 Voices our elder brothers never heard
 Repeating songs of Homer, never heard
 In college walls discoursing ancient lore.

Our mother had borne daughters! With surprise,
 Almost with awe, and with perhaps some dread,
 We saw our little sisters come, take seats,
 And eat at the same table with ourselves.
 And we were boys, were men, their brothers tall.
 But they have grown to goodly size, and now
 We have choice sisters in our brotherhood.
 To-night this brotherhood is beautiful.
 I do not mean the outward which adorns
 Our sisters, sparkling in their sunny eyes,
 Glowing on each fair cheek and radiant brow,
 And nestling on their glossy silken hair;
 I do not mean the outward, manly grace,
 Sitting at ease upon our brothers' forms:
 But more ethereal beauty, that which shines
 When gifted minds and noble hearts unite
 In some high enterprise. And we may think
 To-night of that grand song of ancient times,
 Behold how good, and see how pleasant too,
 For brothers here, in unity to dwell
 Together. Like the precious ointment poured
 On Aaron's head, and like Mount Hermon's dew.
 Like dew on Zion's mountains where the Lord
 Commands the blessing, life forevermore.
 To-night the peers in thought, peers. it may be,
 In talent, genius, power, with some who won
 In other days renown, with some who now
 Stand in high places of this land, are met

For friendly greeting; met to look once more
 Into each others' eyes, and clasp the hand,
 Revive old memories and new hopes inspire,
 And feel the gentle flow from mind to mind
 Of the same earnest thoughts and high resolves
 Which prove our kinship. We are here to-night
 To show in all our fields of mental toil
 Our fellowship. Mind honors mind. True thought
 Is quick to catch the flow of other thought,
 And sisters listen to their brothers' words.
 That girlhood's voice, that woman's words can win
 The ear and heart of manhood, all the past
 In colors bright and colors dark attests.
 But now, once more, here are we met to-night
 To cherish kindly thoughts and speak good words
 Of our kind mother. Hail! to the college dear!
 Hail to the piles of brick as standing now!
 Hail to that massive pile that is to be!
 Hail to those stately halls which younger feet
 Than ours will tread! And hail to that long line
 Of sons and daughters to come after us
 In future years! Hail to the coming time
 When of our number master spirits rise
 To stir anew the land, to quicken thought,
 To take the lead in noblest forms of work;
 To sound the trumpet and the sword to wield
 In those fierce conflicts that must shortly come,
 When wrongs, old and gray-headed, yet with power

Terrific girded for the fierce onslaughts,
 Shall clash against young giant right, as waves
 Of ocean on the rock-ribbed headlands dash.
 Yes, hail that coming time, now near at hand,
 When Franklin's fairest daughters shall be known
 In many a land for zeal in doing good,
 Winning this world to virtue and to God;
 Adorned, not with the gold and jewels bright,
 But with the ornaments of spirits meek.
 Ere long the Lord of harvest shall appear.
 Then shall a grander than Olympic prize
 Bring honor to our brotherhood. Farewell.

Night is coming on, my brothers;
 Life's short race is almost run;
 Work by us, all work for others,
 Should be done by set of sun.

In the day are twelve hours only;
 Let us not our duties shirk;
 For when come the night shades o'er us,
 Jesus says, No man can work.

TO MISS CYNTHIA WOOD.

Married, August 18, 1885, at three P. M., by the Rev. T. H. Ball, at the residence of the Hon. Martin Wood, father of the bride, Mr. Henry W. Sohl, alderman of the city of Hammond, and Miss Cynthia Wood, late Principal of the high school department of Hammond Public School.

My sister, once my pupil, now my friend,
Whose girlhood, maiden days to-day will end,
Well chosen words can never come amiss,
If suited to a day and hour like this.

But I may not assume to use choice words,
That flow as freely as the songs of birds,
Whenever wishing counsel kind to give
Or setting forth some truth in hearts to live.

“Apples of gold” grow not on every tree;
Hearts do not spring at will from burdens free;
“Pictures of silver” grace not every wall,
In lowly cottage or in stately hall.

Not always as we would but as we can,
Such is the limit still assigned to man;
So kindly, please, this simple lay receive,
Not as a nuptial song for marriage eve.

For I do not propose the bride to praise;
 Nor to the bridegroom's worth an arch to raise,
 Inscribing on that arch his merits true,
 And setting forth his manly traits to view.

That you may prosper, this I hope and pray;
 And may God grant you many a happy day.
 Your names instruct; fair Cynthia light to shed,
 And Henry "of the house the chief or head."

The formal "honey-moon" is very brief,
 And sometimes days and months succeed of grief:
 But there are those, may you be such a wife,
 Whose moon of honey lasts through wedded life.

Old is the saying, in a Latin guise,
 A word sufficient is unto the wise;
 And now that word to you in hope I give;
 The word is TRUST. O heed it while you live.

Be this your talismanic word, your charm.
 Your husband trust; lean on his manly arm;
 Trust him most fully in his manhood's prime;
 Trust him through all your years of coming time.

Trust him with secrets; trust him with your love;
 Trust him the next to One who dwells above:
 Then trust implicitly your Saviour, God;
 Trust him in joy and when He wields the rod.

Remember, all things work for good to those,
 Who love their God; all things, joys, cares, or woes:
 Trust each the other until life shall close,
 And trust in God to give you sweet repose.

THE HOMES OF LAKE.

Written for the Old Settlers' Association of Lake County, Indiana, and read at their tenth anniversary held in Crown Point, September 9, 1885.

"The Stately Homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand!
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land!"

—Mrs. Hemans.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—Sermon on the Mount.

Where is thy home? I asked a little child.
 The boy glanced at a cottage near and smiled.
 Where is thy home? I asked an aged man.
 He sighed, then smiled, and upward cast his eye:
 "Alas! there flows a stream no bridge can span,
 Between me and my glorious home on high."

A dear sweet word is home; our home, my home;
 The name we give to that one spot where dwell
 Our heart's best earthly treasures. "Home, sweet home."
 Dear in all lands, wherever homes are found,
 Must be the dwelling place of kindred hearts.
 A true, sweet home need not a palace be.
 Home's joys in lordly dwellings may be found;
 But oftener found in modest mansions plain;
 Found sometimes, those rich joys, in humble cot.

In lonely cabin of the pioneer,
 In some small clearing of the forest deep,
 Or in some grove beside the prairie wild,
 A cabin with its chimney built of sticks,
 These plastered o'er with clay, the walls of logs,
 The floor rude puncheons hewed by woodman's axe,
 The windows without sash or panes of glass,
 And furniture but of the simplest kind,—
 Oft has been found in such a cabin home
 More of domestic bliss and true content,
 Than in the old stone walls of lordly hall.
 Heart love, true love, and not vain pomp or show,
 Makes homes real homes. They may be high or low;
 They may, the inmates there, be rich or poor;
 But they must have true hearts of kindred love.
 And so it is that these sweet homes of earth,
 Where we may rest, and shut earth's discords out,
 Its wrangles and its strifes, its vexing cares,
 Where we may lay aside our sternest toil,

Where we may feel secure in sharing love,—
 These have to us become sweet types of rest,
 Of peace and freedom and of love secure,
 Which we expect in Heaven. • We call that Home.

What are these homes of ours, these homes of Lake?
 The building vary much in form and size;
 Most are of wood, but some of stone and brick.
 Designed by skillful architect, or planned
 To suit only the owner's wants and taste,
 Not many, it may be, would models prove,
 For those who take as law John Ruskin's words.
 Yet they give shelter from the winter storms;
 They shut out cold and heat and rain and snow;
 But well we know they are not cyclone proof.
 From that dread visitant as yet God spares.
 Long may he shield us from the tempest's power,
 And spare the dwellings that our hands have reared.
 They let in light and air, the light of day,
 The pure fresh air of heaven that all must breathe.
 They give us thus the shelter that all need.
 In cost these buildings vary as in form,
 For some are dwelling places of the rich,
 And beautiful as England's "stately homes,"
 And show how well their owner's goods increase;
 And some are rented rooms built for the poor.
 It is enough if they are truly homes.

Man cannot make alone a true, sweet home.
 It needs and it must have a woman's love.

If not the presence, it must have within
The hallowed memory of some woman's form.
An aged mother may make home within
The humble walls where comes, at close of day,
An only son; and as they two find rest
And shelter from the cold, harsh world without,
They may have rich home joys. They have a past.
And they look forward to some future bright.
A little daughter or some sister lone
May be the woman form that makes a home,
For father or for brothers kind and good.
But a full home will hold the loving wife;
A faithful mother, with her children fair.
And such are many of our homes to-day;
The father, mother, children, all are there.
Homes seem the brightest where are children young.
Life is so fresh in childhood's early days,
When all the birds sing sweetly, when the flowers
Are fragrant, and their blooms have such rich hues
For the young, sparkling eyes that see them first.
And in that life, so free from care, come toys,
And childhood's merry sports at morn and eve.
Visit our homes, our town and village homes;
Look on our country homes in summer time,
And watch the plays of childhood. At a home
On a large farm, I saw one day a group,
Not long ago, of children four, two boys,
Two little girls; sweet, gentle children all;

And while the older ones were in the field,
Stacking the fragrant hay, these children played,
Beneath a maple, in the shade, close by
Their door-way, in the mother's sight within.
They played stack hay, with a long line for rope,
And for a fork a very long strong spoon,
One little girl, so lovely in her sweet
Child beauty, on her seat upon a box,
Stacking each bunch of hay, one boy "to dump,"
The youngest boy, called "Toadie," playing horse,
The least one sitting on the ground at ease.
I stood and watched this happy group, so pure
Seemed their enjoyment, fancy all of course;
But long ago 'twas said, "so near approach
The sports of children to the toils of men."
Is it not almost strange how fancy weaves
Her potent spell over our children's minds?
Play this, play that, one to the other says;
And one is pony; one is queen; and one
Will ride his trained stick war-horse, and will lead
His troops of soldiers in their serried ranks
To meet the charging foe. It is not strange
I staid and watched awhile, with pleasant thoughts,
That group of four, children of two dear friends.
Departing from another home I saw,
Within her hammock, swinging in the shade,
Another fair young girl, a "Kittie" child,
With whom I had been holding converse there.

The brown hair gleaming on her bright young head,
 How could I fail to see a young queen there?
 And so the hundreds, yes, the thousands are.
 Go by our homes and in their hammocks see,
 When summer eve is bright, the gentle girls,
 Some with their curly heads, and some with long,
 Brown ringlets, some with straight dark hair, but all
 So independent in their fathers' homes,
 So free from care or dread for coming years.
 And are they not more free in many ways,
 In these free homes of ours where none may say,
 Here are the limits, as to social life,
 Here are the limits, as to wealth and fame,
 Here are the limits, as to earth's career,
 Beyond which none of you can ever pass,—
 Yes, are they not more free than any girls
 Who find themselves the daughters of a king,
 Of king or titled queen beyond the sea?
 They are not bound by Hindoo caste; not bound
 By customs from the ages past derived
 Sterner than law itself; they are not bound
 To follow on in the ancestral line
 Of daily toil. Their calling they may choose.
 From what pursuit in life are they shut out?
 More free are they than any palace girls;
 And who will say, in form and face, in mind
 And grace, the native grace of human life,
 That some have not been quite as well endowed?

Now, at their brothers look. They also swing
 Sometimes in hammocks, in the twilight hour.
 Their years are very few. Their hopes are bright.
 Within our homes are many manly boys,
 And they may yet lead armies, govern states,
 Or be our soldiers brave in time of war,
 Our sturdy yeomen and our business men
 In the long years of peace.

Look in our homes.

But stay. I must not lightly lift the veil,
 That shuts out stranger eyes from childhood's couch,
 From snowy pillow where the curly heads
 Repose at night-fall, when the chilly dew
 Forms on the grass and flower beds, and the stars
 Look out from the blue sky, or hide behind
 The storm cloud. No, I must not lift the veil,
 Except with reverent hand, that hides the babe
 Within its cradle bed asleep, the care,
 The constant care of its young mother, now
 So pale, yet wondrous fair in her great gift
 Of motherhood. But we may listen all
 And join the song of praise and hear the prayer
 And hearken to the sacred word of God,
 When in the early morn or else at eve
 So many of our peaceful households still,
 Like those of old, in household worship join.
 You hear the father's voice in pleading prayer,
 You see the mother and the children bowed

In silent homage before Jacob's God;
 And if you do not think that prayer goes up
 To the eternal throne and to the ear
 Of God and brings a store of blessings down,
 You know, that if some little one is called
 In the still hour of night to pass from earth,
 'Tis sweet at least to think it upward soars
 To dwell thenceforward in the angels' home:
 You also know that those who, day by day,
 In heartfelt homage bow before their God
 Are fitted none the less to do life's work.

Look now again, and see in all her joy
 The daughter of the household stand arrayed
 In bridal robes when comes the marriage hour,
 And friends and kindred throng within the home.
 When heart is truly knit with heart, when love
 True youthful love, unselfish in its joy,
 Shows its bright light in trustful, beaming eyes,
 Though sometimes tear drops mingle with the smiles,
 And sadness presses on the mother's heart,
 Yet beautiful is then the marriage rite.

We take but one more look within and see
 The parents and the children and their guests
 The board surround. Not in the early morn
 We look, for then the youngest sometimes sleep.
 But we will look at mid-day or at eve,
 When by the mother or the father's side
 Stands the high chair, and in it snugly sits

The youngest of the household, looking up
 With trusting confidence, as sure of food
 As robins in their nest with open mouth
 At sound of father or of mother bird.
 The other children in their places all,
 With napkins spread, wait to be helped in turn;
 And then there comes the flow of table talk.
 All are together now, and often plans
 Are formed, projects are named, topics discussed,
 That are of common interest to them all.
 Sometimes, it may be, children talk too much,
 But many a pleasant scene and precious hour
 Have been of "table talk." Children may talk,
 As well as eat and think, if wisely trained.
 To have the little prattlers sent away
 At meal time is not well; but let them learn,
 Learn how to listen and then how to talk.
 Such is the custom in our country homes.
 Now the repast is o'er and we must leave,
 And as we stand in door-way, hats in hand,
 And all the household go their various ways,
 We think, how fully friends are trusted here
 While strangers sometimes find the entrance barred.
 So we pass on and out, thinking again,
 A messenger will one day come, that pale
 Death angel, whom of courtesy no law,
 Nor lock, nor bolt, nor prayer, nor tear, can keep
 From entrance anywhere. And then we think.

Forth from each home will sometime surely pass
The slow paced funeral train. When that time comes,
As come it will to all our homes, God grant
Each soul may find a home in Paradise.

But now our homes are living homes. No one
Has yet their number counted. No one knows
The entrance ways into them all. As yet
The light shines on them; and in most there shines
The light of household love. Not many yet
Are drunkard's homes. Not many yet are filled
With squalid wretchedness or want or shame.
No alleys dark, no dens of filth and crime,
Are in our towns and villages. But soon
These words may not be true; for shadows creep,
Dark shadows creep along near to some homes;
And who can tell when shall burst forth or where
Childhood's shrill scream and woman's wild despair?
We need to guard our homes by day and night,
These homes, that lie along our northern lake;
That are among the sandhills of our north;
That are along our winding Calumet;
That nestle in the valleys, on the slopes,
Along our southern streams and noted marsh;
That dot our prairies and our woodlands fill;
That are in all our towns on rail-road tracks;
That lie around the Lake of Cedars—all;
We need to guard them all, securely guard
Against the evils of strong drink: against

All other evil, all lax views of life
Which are so sure to dim the light of home.
So long as our home life is pure, so long
We may expect to be prospered and free,
A happy portion of our Commonwealth.
Long may the love of virtue dwell within
The homes of Lake. Long may its lovely light
Shine in the faces of our girls, and make
Our manly boys heroes in every fight.

NOTE.—On Friday evening, March 26, Dr. Pratt “with his three daughters returning home from an evening lecture, found his house opened, warmed, and illuminated, * * and thronging guests already there, and others soon arriving. The surprise could not well have been more complete.” The many and rich presents were formally presented with a short address by the Rev. T. H. Ball, and the thanks of the family were returned by the lecturer of the evening, Col. J. P. Sanford. After congratulations, “a bountiful collation prepared by Mrs. Pratt was then served.” “At a late hour, having spent a very pleasant evening the guests retired.”

TO DR. AND MRS. A. J. PRATT ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE, MARCH 26, 1886.

Within our quiet homes with their bright household fires,
 Where children dwell and parents, aged dames and sires,
 Cheerful and warm and safe amid the winter's storm,
 Striving in good degree life's duties to perform,
 We come at length to greet the spring time of the year.
 The robins, larks, and blue-birds even now are here.
 They sing their old sweet songs while waiting for the leaves:
 This lay, amid their carols, friendship's hand now weaves.
 Not good, it is not good that man should be alone;
 So said the Holy One who sits upon the throne.
 Who called this universe from its primeval night,
 Whose great creative word proclaimed “Let there be light.”
 And then in order formed this beauteous world of ours,

Creating singing birds and mantling earth with flowers.
It is not good for man to be on earth alone.
And so a woman fair was formed of Adam's bone;
And then that beauteous Eve, fairest of all on earth,
The only woman known who had no mortal birth,
The only virgin fair who never was a girl,
Whose long rich silken hair no mother's hand did curl:
This maid in beauty clothed to Adam's side was brought,
Whose hand in youthful wedlock he had never sought;
And soon the words were said that bound them both for life,
He for a faithful husband, she a loving wife.
And down through all the ages since that sunny hour,
When God himself ordained in Eden's holy bower,
For this cause shall a man father and mother leave,
And through both good and ill unto his wife shall cleave—
The sons of Adam seek Eve's daughters to decoy,
To be within their homes the center of home's joy.
So marriage came to be the law for man on earth,
A law ordained to last until earth's second birth.
For five and twenty years this law you have observed,
And silver gifts to-night full well have you deserved;
For grown up in your home are now three daughters fair,
And silver threads appear in your once auburn hair;
And God has richly blessed you with abundant store.
May his rich grace be with you now and evermore.
Let prayer and praise each day keep yours a home of love,
Until you reach your Father's glorious home above.

AN EASTER HYMN.

1886.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

A few more suns will set,
A few more suns will rise,
And then will close in death
Our weary, sightless eyes;
A few more years will roll
Their steady, ceaseless round,
And our dead ears will hear
The glorious trumpet sound.

The solemn night will come,
With heavy curtains drawn;
So also surely comes
The ever glorious morn;
No doubt the night of death
To us is drawing near;
The resurrection morn
As surely will appear.

The body of our Lord
Lay in its rocky bed,
In linen wrapped with spice,
A napkin round his head;
For two full nights that form
Lay in the rock asleep,
While Roman guards around
A ceaseless vigil keep.

Then came the earthquake's shock,
Then came the angel band,
And naught availed the spear
Held in the Roman hand;
The King, the Lord of life,
Then from the dead arose;
Like triumph we shall share
O'er all our deadly foes.

In hope of that glad hour,
We now in joy can sing,
"Where is thy victory, grave?
Oh death! where is thy sting?"
"The Lord is risen indeed,
To Simon hath appeared;"
These are the ancient words
With which our hearts are cheered.

An Anniversary Hymn for the Alumni Association of Franklin College.

TUNE, "AMERICA." June, 1886.

Again in peace we meet;
Again with joy we greet,
 Friends old and new:
To God our hearts we raise,
In songs of fervent praise,
Whose power prolongs our days,
 Whose love is true.

We never heard the voice,
Making our souls rejoice,
 Of angel choir;
But one glad angel song,
Sung by their voices strong,
Has lived these ages long,
 Like sacred fire.

The burden of that strain,
An ever sweet refrain,
 We breathe again.
"Glory to God" on high;
Man was condemned to die,
But peace, good-will drew nigh;
 Good will to men.

More dear is Siloam's fount,
Than any classic mount,
Or mythic spring;
Not Roman, Greek, nor Jew,
The glory ever knew,
Which we in Christ can view;
His praise we sing.

Accept, oh Saviour, God,
Thou who with iron rod,
Shalt heathen break,—
Accept our homage true
And in the grand review,
May we, with hearts made new,
Thy love partake.

Chicago, Tuesday morning, 7 o'clock, Dec. 14, 1886.

There is a world untouched
By earthly care and grief;
Where grain men do not sow,
Nor bind a summer sheaf:

A world of beauty rare,
A world of joy and peace,
Where partings never come,
And love can never cease.

When we our work have done,
On earth no more to roam,
Within that radiant world,
May we all find our home.

1887.

In memory of RUBY UNDERWOOD CONWAY, who was born in Ross township, Lake county, Indiana, Aug. 19, 1866, was married to J. Harry Conway May 1, 1887, and who died Monday, Sept. 5, 1887, about forty minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon. The burial services were conducted by Rev. T. H. Ball, who had been acquainted with her from her childhood. The text was from John 17:24.

MEMORIAL.

Passing away from earth, to worlds unknown!
 Passing—as boats sail into mighty seas
 From sheltered harbors and from rivers bright,
 To land upon some distant coast and send
 No tidings back of their arrival there;—
 Passing—like summer birds away, to spend
 The wintry days and nights in other climes;—
 So are they passing, human souls, away,
 To spend what is to us death's night, perchance
 In darkness! or in realms of glorious day.
 Death comes. Each hour some souls, some spirits pass;
 Dust goes to dust; the soul to God who gave.
 Wonders of life and death! wonders are here.
 Yes, "trailing clouds of glory" do they come;
 Within earth-forms awhile these spirits dwell;
 Then with the angel bands they soar away.
 They are to us invisible, if near.
 Their swiftest pinion we can never hear.

Into another of our pleasant homes
The other day, came Death and sent away,
Not long before some rain drops fell, the soul
Of RUBY; of another daughter, friend,
Sister, and neighbor, and for four short months
A bride. So young! In the first flush of bright,
Glad womanhood; and hoping soon to be,
Within her own, and not her mother's home,
The center, life, and joy. So young, so fair,
So full of promise; and a year ago,
A single score of years then having lived,
Bidding so fair for long and useful life.
From her near country home into our town,
Some years ago, she came, a girl, a child,
With mother, sister, and with brothers two.
Each day, in term time, forth and back she went
To school and home again, with light, child heart.
She found a place to learn God's holy word
In Sabbath school, when came the Sabbath morn.
She learned those teachings from some earnest lips.
Years swiftly passed. Herself a teacher soon.
And her kind heart for others learned to feel.
She helped the poor and needy, helped to clothe
Mid winter's cold young children whom she knew.
And woman's lot came on her. May Day eve.,
With marriage vows, she gave her hand to one
To whom already she had given her heart.
And soon she hastened,—even then perhaps

Shadows had touched her soul—hastened her steps
 To Jesus. She had learned the way to Him.
 She said she found; she trusted; she laid hold
 Of the great hope of life. And there was need.
 For soon upon a sick-bed she was laid.
 Kind friends and loved ones gathered round her close,
 Among them her new sister loving Maud,
 Rich in her Christian trust and love and hope,
 Her sweet voice trained to utter sacred song.
 But none could hold back dust from dust or stay
 The spirit's flight whose wings were plumed for heaven.
 So she went forth "to Jesus in the rain."
 Crushed are all earth-born hopes, earth work is done.
 Farewell to thee young wife! Daughter, farewell!
 Farewell to thee, oh sister, neighbor, friend!
 Gone from this earth thy presence; gone to dwell
 Within the spirit-world, till He shall come
 Back to this world of ours, who is the Lord
 Of angels and of man; "of quick and dead"
 The Judge. When He with all his angels comes,
 The souls of all, who now in Jesus sleep,
 Will also come, his triumph then to share.
 In hope of that glad day sleep on, oh dust!
 Oh ransomed soul, within the Kingdom safe,
 Resting until that dust awakes, rejoice.

NOTES.—The sister Maud mentioned above is Mrs. Maud
 Barnett, herself quite young, a teacher for a few years at the

Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, sister of Mr. J. Harry Conway.

“Rain drops fell.” When Mrs. Ball, who had been Ruby’s Sunday-school teacher in childhood, and who was with her during her last night on earth, opened the door of the room in the morning, Ruby looked out and remarked “How beautiful!” but early in the afternoon she seemed to feel the coming shower, and said, with a child like simplicity, as though back in her young girlhood, “I’m going to Jesus in the rain.” But with no expression of sadness or regret, smiling her last good-byes, even in death, she passed from us to the other home.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG TO THE PIONEERS. 1887.

Sung at the twelfth anniversary of the Old Settlers' Association.

We are pressing on behind you,
 Father, mother, Pioneers;
 We are glad you've staid among us,
 Living through these long good years:
 We will soon be men and women,
 And will help to till the ground;
 We will hold the farms and orchards,
 While the seasons roll around.

There are those who sometimes call us
 Dancing beams of joyous light;
 Olive plants around your tables;
 And we sometimes miss the right:
 We shall soon be men and women;
 Set us good examples, please;
 Need we care for books and learning?
 Should we seek for wealth and ease?

There are those who try to teach us
 Not to live for empty show,
 But to live for some grand purpose,
 Doing good while here below:
 Hear this singing of the children,
 Father, mother, Pioneers;
 We are pressing on behind you;
 Give our song attentive ears.

Were you ever little children?
 Did you have some mothers dear?
 Have you minded all the good things
 Which they taught when they were here?
 We are quite a little army;
 Don't you see how fast we grow?
 We are crowding on behind you;
 Tell us all the good you know.

Tell us of the wolves and Indians,
 Tell us of the good old times;
 Tell us of the deer and wild cats;
 Tell us how you made the dimes:
 Tell us nice and pretty stories
 Of those fifty years ago,
 When you too were young and blithesome,
 Dreading not the ice and snow.

We are pressing on behind you,
 Father, mother, Pioneers;
 We are glad you've staid among us,
 Living through these long, good years:
 We will soon be men and women,
 And will help to till the ground;
 We will hold your names in honor,
 While the seasons roll around.

SPEAK GENTLY.

March 14, 1888.

Know thou thyself, was a famous old maxim;
Heed it too little the most of us may:
Busy in gaining, intent on enjoying,
Self-knowledge lightly we cast far away.

Knowing our neighbors, in that we seem skillful;
Reading their thoughts and their motives at will;
Such, it would seem, is the power those are claiming,
Who freely mention of others much ill.

Study yourself man, and shall I say woman?
Keen as you may be, you cannot read mind;
Guard you the lips that would speak ill of others;
Largely in judging of motives you're blind.

Cruelly, harshly too often you're wounding
Rich, bleeding hearts that are throbbing with pain;
Heedlessly uttering words that are cutting,
Charging with fault where there dwells not a stain.

Lips firm and ruby-dyed speak in your hearing;
Eyes clear and beaming may look in your own;
Little you know that the cataract nearing,
Sternly the doomed one suppresses a groan.

Pleasant the tones of the voice as you listen,
Cloudless and clear may the countenance be,
Like the dry earth where no dew drops e'er glisten,
Careless and cheerful so far as you see.

Little you know of the inner commotion,
 Little you know of the depths of the soul:
 How could you tell on the shore of the ocean,
 What lies beneath where the tidal waves roll?

What do you know of the restless ambitions?
 What do you know of the sorrows and tears?
 What do you know of the dear aspirations?
 What do you know of the hopes and the fears?

What do you know of the dark disappointments?
 What do you know of the dull, ceaseless pain?
 What do you know of those conflicts in secret,
 When from the eyes fall the tear drops like rain?

Gently then, gently then, deal with thy brother;
 Speak to thy sister in soft tones of love;
 Judge not another lest thou be judged also,
 Comes to us sanctioned by power from above.

Knowing so little how others are struggling,
 Knowing so little the under-tow strong,
 Knowing so little the heart's real condition,
 Guard well thy lips that they utter no wrong.

Dealing with others as you would be dealt by;
 Never imputing misfortune for fault;
 Follow the Teachings declared on the Mountain:
 Light of the world be and also the salt.

In memory of Mrs. M J. Dinwiddie of Plum Grove, who died at her home March 15, 1888, being nearly seventy years of age. Written on Sunday morning, March 18, and read at the opening religious services of the day, all the family present except E. W. Dinwiddie, a former Secretary of the Plum Grove Sunday school, then in Florida.

Gone in the ripeness of a rounded life;
 Gone in the fulness of a goodly age;
 Gone from this world of sorrow and of strife;
 Gone to receive a deathless heritage.

Gone from earth's joys, and from its pain and cares;
 Gone from its broken bands, its light and love;
 Gone from its beauties, and its toils and snares;
 Gone to a brighter, lovelier world above.

We miss her presence with us here to-day,
 Where for so many years she loved to be,
 When came the Sabbath morning hour to pray
 And worship God in true sincerity.

And we shall miss her in the Sabbath school
 Through all the coming weeks of summer bright;
 No more will children share her gentle rule,
 Nor learn from her the laws of wrong and right.

In all our gatherings one more vacant place;
She will go in and out at home no more;
But she now sees the Saviour's glorious face,
She rests in peace upon the deathless shore.

For her we need not mourn, we need not weep,
So safe, so blissful, in that "better land:"
Let us make sure that when in death we sleep,
We too may enter mid the "happy band."

Written in Oak Grove, Monday, May 14, 1888, on hearing of the death of EDITH V. HALSTED who died one week before, May 7, 1888.

My heart is sad to hear that thou art gone from earth,
 Young Edith, gentle, lovely, pleasant, joyous child:
 But ten full years have passed since thou didst have thy
 birth:

When in thy home another human infant smiled.

A gentle child and lovely hast thou been to me;
 One of the many spirits choice gladdening our land;
 Of presence winsome, sweet, such as all love to see;
 When modest, in their lot and place they graceful stand.

When last we met and parted there was not a thought,
 That I in home and school should greet thee nevermore;
 Oh how this life of ours is oft with sorrow fraught!
 How quick we slip across and reach the shining shore!

When the June roses breathe their fragrance on the air,
 And in our "Children's Meeting" voices join in song,
 Among the faces bright we'll miss our Edith there:
 But richer is her joy amid the holy throng.

In each year that passes children are gathered home;
More full, more bright that Home, where all the ransomed meet;

A few days more yet others on this earth will roam;
Then on the paths of life we'll cease their forms to greet.

Were there no world beyond, how vain our earthly life!
Were there no heavenly love, the grave how drear, how dark!

It should be joy to know, amid earth's pain and strife,
That death cannot put out the loving vital spark.

TO THE YOUNG CHILDREN WHOM I KNOW AND LOVE. 1888.

You, children, admire, one and all,
 The beauty of young budding life,
 The beauty in beast, bird, and flower,
 That beauty with which earth is rife.

Most young things with beauty are clothed;
 Most young things afford us delight;
 But what living things can compare
 With children in making earth bright.

Yes, childhood, sweet childhood for me,
 Robed in meekness, innocence, grace.
 The beauty of nature I love;
 I see soul in a true child face.

We all that sweet story have heard,
 How he, who was Saviour of all,
 Little children took in his arms,
 And taught, they should come to his call.

Upon their young, bright, curly heads,
 His kind hands in blessing were laid;
 But not on the joyous, stout youth,
 Nor yet on the blooming young maid.

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven”
 Of true little children was said;
 And sweet are these words, full of cheer,
 When they sleep in a dreamless bed.

Yes, much of sweet, innocent life,
Is found in a true-hearted child,
While such, as from Paradise fresh,
Remain meek, and truthful, and mild.

Not long, little children now dear,
Will you in your childhood remain:
I would that each on-coming year,
Might leave on your souls no dark stain.

I would you might seek for the love
Of Him who young children once blessed,
And come to his own gracious call,
Whose promise is still to give rest.

A "glorified childhood" will then
Be yours to the end of your days;
And in the glad, bright, upper home,
You will join in anthems of praise.

THE WOODLANDS.

Commenced in South East Grove; finished July 17. 1888.

I do not wonder that the red men of the wild
Found pleasure in the forests. I, a prairie child,
Though near the mountains born, have learned to love
the wood:

The wild wood, dense and dark, those woodlands where
have stood

For centuries the giant oaks, walnuts, and beech;
Within whose dark recess is heard the wild owl's screech:—
And open woods, where I have met the startled deer,
As, in their runaway standing, they have passed so near,
That I could almost touch them with my hand and see
Their perfect beauty as they passed so wild, so free,
A score or more together bounding unharmed by;
(A thrilling sight was that to fill a hunter's eye;)
And when in unexpected moment I have met
The gaunt and hungry prairie wolf, no household pet,
By hunger driven to those open woodlands near
To search for acorns, as he could not catch the deer:—
And sunny groves, those groves so full of life and cheer,
Where singing birds are found, where sometimes come the
deer,

But where the squirrels, black, or red, or gray abound,
 Where the quails whistle and their nests are on the
 ground,

Where the mild, timid rabbit bounds in grace along,
 Uncharmed by thrush or cat-birds sweetest morning song,
 Where gentle mourning doves discourse their music sweet,
 Clothed in a living beauty to their small pink feet,
 The changing color of whose glossy necks might vie
 With changing silk and charm the child's admiring eye;
 Where with the living things are flowers of every hue,
 And where the gentle brooks, meandering softly through,
 Give drink to birds and freshness to the cool retreat,
 Where oft in summer time bright, glad young children
 meet.

Yes, these bright sunny groves I love; the open wood
 Skirting for miles the prairie where my home once stood,
 That dearest home to me of all the homes of earth,
 Still dearer than that hill top home, home of my birth,—
 Those open woods that round the Lake of Cedars lie
 My heart must surely cling to firmly till I die.

But back again we come to the deep forests dark,
 In which might once be heard the gray wolf's howl or bark;
 Those pathless forests, so the early writers said,
 Pathless indeed, because within no white man's tread;

And yet the deer had runways, and the elk and moose,
Although as shy, as wary, as a lone wild goose,
Left traces where they passed the giant trees along;
And bears and wolves and wildcats, and the mighty throng
Of red men, in the forest footprints surely made,
Although the earth might not show trace of shoe or spade.

No wonder Indians loved so grand a dwelling place.
A forest was a fitting home for such a race.
Beneath the trees they found in summer heat a shade,
Among them easily in winter wigwams made.
And game, choice game was there sufficient for their food,
And that wild life was suited to the Indian mood.
To us, anointed heirs of knowledge, art, and skill,
There is a grandeur left about a forest still.
Without a house we would not in a forest dwell,
But pictures of a mighty past words scarce can tell
Come thronging on the mind when for one single hour,
Alone in forest dark we yield to fancy's power.

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